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VIEW FROM RYDAL MOUNT.

## THE "LAKE COUNTRY" OF ENGLAND.

**I**N the north-western corner of England, forming an equilateral triangle, whose sides are some fifty miles in length, and inclosing the southern half of the county of Cumberland, nearly all Westmoreland and that part of Lancaster north of Morecombe Bay, lies a romantic and picturesque region of lakes, mountains and moors, where is to be found some of the most beautiful natural scenery in all the world.

To this charming locality, late in the last century, certain poets repairing, built there their nests, and, after the manner of their kind, began to sing the loveliness of the physical world so bountifully exhibited around them. Even to the present day, the same region is the home of many of England's most cherished authors, both in prose and verse. Tennyson, having sold his house in London, and Black, the author of that delightful story, "A Princess of

Thule," have within a very recent period been added to the denizens of this enchanting fairy land. At the time of which I have spoken, however, the number was limited to some half a dozen or so at the most, and all, I believe, were poets, or regarded themselves as such.

Now, although these poets sung in quite different strains, and, while living in friendliness with one another, were by no means harmonious in sentiment as to what they called poetry, the inspiration of which they were yet unanimous in seeking in nature, as she showed herself to them in the enchanted land whither they had come, certain critics took it into their heads to group these singers together in one so-called school, to which they gave the name of the "Lake School." Though this name afforded no clue to the real character of the poets comprehended under it, it nevertheless took the popular fancy, and is to this day used in speaking of those bards to whom

it was first applied. The three great representative "lake poets" were Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, the latter being honored with the title of the father or founder of the "school," if there were any school at all, in fact, which one may doubt, after having heard the names of these chief representatives of it, between whom, as poets, there was scarcely anything in common, beyond the fact that they passionately loved lakes, mountains, woods and all those combinations of land, water and sky, which make up much of the beauty of natural scenery.

However, it is not of the Lake School, or of the poets embraced in it, I propose in this paper to speak, unless it may be incidentally. My intention is, simply, to give a brief description of the more striking points of that beautiful district whose charms, the "lake poets," filled with that deep love for natural scenery, which is an essential feature of our modern

appearing on the north, east and south, the Irish Sea being on the west. Stratified deposits of a slaty texture occupy the greater portion of the district, though within the calcareous zone several imposing masses of granite, syenite and porphyry are found. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, by the upheaval of various underlying strata, the enormous aggregate of twenty thousand feet of palaeozoic rock is exposed to observation. The mountains are rich in mineral wealth. Silver, copper, lead, iron, gypsum, coal, slate, marble, marl and plumbago, are found in more or less abundance. In the Borrowdale district of Cumberland, there is a famous mine from which is procured the finest plumbago, or black lead, in the world. It is opened but once in seven years, enough being then obtained to supply the London market for the period designated.

The highest and most noted summits of the lake



WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE AT RYDAL MOUNT.

life, as compared with that of antiquity, were the first to bring into prominent notice.

The name, "Lake Country," by which this delightful region is usually known, is characteristic as far as it goes; though, in reality, it is quite as much a country of mountains and moors as of lakes. These mountains, sometimes known as the Cambrian range, are an offshoot of the Pennine chain, from which they branch out on the eastern border of Westmoreland. Geologically speaking, the lake district may be described as a circular cluster, or mass, of mountains, the central portion of which consists of serrated peaks of schistose rocks, upheaved to their present positions by granite and other igneous masses which constitute the true geological centres of the mountain groups. On the outskirts of this region are large carboniferous deposits; a zone of mountain limestone

country are, Scafell, with its two peaks, severally three thousand one hundred and sixty-six and three thousand and twenty-two feet in height; Helvellyn, three thousand three hundred and thirteen feet, overtopping nearly every other mountain in England, and commanding a magnificent view of the entire region; and Skiddaw, three thousand and twenty-two feet high, from which one can look entirely across England, from the Irish Sea on the west to the waters of the German Ocean on the east. These three summits are in Cumberland. Many others, almost equaling them in altitude, rise around them. They have been the inspiration of much sublime poetry. The following picture of masses of vapor receding among the steep and summits of the mountains, after a storm, beneath an azure sky, seems, says Talfourd, in its earlier part, "almost like another glimpse of MH-

ton's Heaven," while its conclusion "impresses us solemnly with the most awful visions of Hebrew prophecy:"

"A step,

A single step, which freed me from the skirts  
Of the blind vapor, open'd to my view  
Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul—  
The appearance instantaneously disclosed,  
Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth  
Far sinking into splendor—without end!  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
With alabaster domes and silver spires;  
And blazing terrace upon terrace high  
Uplifted: here serene pavilions bright  
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless fronts  
Bore stars, illumination of all gems!  
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight;

give sparkling life and motion to the prospect. Six of the principal waterfalls leap down precipices ranging from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet high. Lodore, though not the loftiest, Southey has made immortal in a quaint poem, which was copied into the HOME MAGAZINE some months ago.

A majority of the loftier peaks retain their caps of snow for from six to eight months in the year; while snow is also found in the crevices of the rocks even in summer. In the following charming bit of description of the scenery of Helvellyn, Wordsworth refers to this fact:

"It was a cove, a huge recess,

That keeps till June December's snow;

A lofty precipice in front,

A silent tarn below!

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,

Remote from public road or dwelling,

Pathway, or cultivated land;

From trace of human foot or hand



THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
Molten together, and composing thus,  
Each lost in each, that marvelous array  
Of temple, palace, citadel and huge  
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrap'd.  
Right in the midst, where interspace appear'd  
Of open court, an object like a throne  
Beneath a shining canopy of state  
Stood fix'd, and fix'd resemblances were seen  
To implements of ordinary use,  
But vast in size, in substance glorified;  
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld  
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,  
For admiration and mysterious awe!"

Wordsworth's *Excursion*, B. II.

Amid these rugged heights, innumerable cascades

"There sometimes does a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere;  
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud;  
And mists that spread the flying shroud,  
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

As the climate of this region, especially among its more elevated parts, is unusually moist, the average annual rainfall being one hundred inches, there is often much snow in winter, the deep drifts of which have more than once proved fatal to the incautious or inexperienced mountain traveler.

The nearness of the mountains to the western coast, and the barrier interposed by the main Pennine chain on the east, make it impossible that they

should either be the sources or the feeders of any streams of noteworthy length; so that, having no immediate outlet for the vast quantity of moisture they attract from the water-soaked clouds from the Atlantic, they have stored it away in a number of beautiful reservoirs of greater or less extent, thus forming those lakes and tarns innumerable, which give to this romantic region its peculiar charm, and a name which poetry has rendered immortal and of world-wide celebrity.

An American visiting these lakes would probably be disappointed, in one respect. Even with one actually spread out in all its loveliness before him, he might be likely to exclaim: "Well, this is a mighty pretty mill-pond; now let's see one of your lakes!" For, in point of fact, within the circuit of half a dozen miles, in South Jersey, as many mill-ponds may be found, which will in magnitude well

The eastern and western shores frequently present gently-sloping heights, richly wooded, and with cottages and villas innumerable peeping out from the green recesses of the groves.

Near the northern end of the lake lies the picturesque little town of Ambleside, a short distance north-west of which, on the road to Grasmere, is Rydal Mount, once the residence of the poet Wordsworth—a modest cottage looking out over the surrounding sea of foliage. "Before it, at some distance across the valley, stretches a high screen of bold and picturesque mountains; behind, it is overtowered by a precipitous hill called Nab-scar; but to the left, you look down over the broad waters of Windermere, and to the right over the still more embosomed flood of Grasmere.

"The first smile of Windermere," says Professor Wilson, a neighbor of Wordsworth, "sinks silently



VIEW OF GRASMERE.

compare with an equal number of the lakes of Cumberland or Westmoreland.

Nevertheless, there are lakes in this romantic region which really deserve the name. Windermere, the "Queen of the Lakes," as it is called, because the largest body of water of the kind in England, is fourteen miles long, by one in breadth. It lies partly between the counties of Westmoreland and Lancaster, but chiefly in the latter, discharging its surplus waters by the Leven into Morecombe Bay. Its shores are mostly well-wooded, especially on the west side, where Furness-Fell, a steep height, is clothed with a forest of fir and larch. In its centre floats a group of tiny islets characterized by a softness and richness of beauty scarcely to be rivaled. The entire lake, indeed, is marked by the absence of that wildness and sublimity which invests so many of its sisters, except at the northern extremity, where the landscape has some features of ruggedness and strength.

into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be—nor yet in what the beauty consists; but your finest sensibilities to nature are touched—and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of islands, that seems to woo you to their still retreats. And now

"Wooded Windermere, the river-lake,"

with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light serene as a Sabbath, and cheerful as a holiday; and you feel that there is loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream."

Some three miles to the north-west of Ambleside is the village of Grasmere, beautifully situated, half-entombed in trees, at the head of the lake of the same name. Here is an ancient church, where lie the remains of Wordsworth, their resting-place marked by a plain, modestly-fashioned slab of stone. The lake, with "its sylvan shores and emerald meadows," is a



little more than a mile long, and perhaps half as broad, oval in form, and contains "one green pastoral isle." It is closely engirdled by lofty mountains, and forms one of the loveliest views in all England.

Crossing over into the Cumberland division of the lake country, we find ourselves in a region where the mountains are steep, rugged and sterile, with deep and narrow valleys, and lakes, rivers, tarns, waterfalls, woodlands and moors, in infinite diversity. The largest of the rivers are the Eak and the Derwent, the latter collecting the waters of six lakes and several tarns, and running thirty-three miles north-west and north into the Irish Sea.

The most important of the lakes in Cumberland, are Ulleswater and Derwentwater. The former, next to Windermere, the largest of English lakes, lies between Cumberland and Westmoreland, and is nine miles long by one in breadth. The scenery has none

its surface about a foot above the water, till, the fall rains coming on, it gradually sinks out of sight. It is entirely covered with vegetation. Its surface, to the depth of several inches, is composed of a clayey or earthy matter, apparently deposited by the water, while the rest is a kind of imperfectly-formed peat-moss.

Of Derwentwater I find the following fine description in Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets:"

"I think I like Derwentwater more than any other of the lakes. The mountains all around are so bold and so diversified in form; you see them showing themselves one behind another, many tending to the pyramidal form, and their hues as varied as their shapes. Some are of that peculiar tawny or lion color, which is so singular in its effect in the Scotch mountains of the South; others so softly and smoothly



THE CHURCH AT GRASMERE.

of the tender loveliness of Windermere, but is rugged and grand. One of the most marked and striking features of the landscape in which it is set, is the towering form of Helvellyn, which forms the background of its south-western shores.

Passing by a number of lesser lakes, I will close with a description of Derwentwater, or Keswick Lake, as it is sometimes called. It is a small but beautiful sheet of water, properly speaking an enlargement of the river Derwent, extending in length some four miles, and having an average breadth of about half a mile. Its banks are rocky and abrupt. In it are several islands, some richly wooded, and one of which presents singular characteristics. It is, in fact, a floating island, which, alternately rising and sinking, appears and disappears at irregular intervals, it having been observed twice in two successive years, and at other times at intervals of seven or eight years. Generally it appears at the close of a warm, dry season, remaining for some weeks with

green; others so black and desolate. Some are so beautifully wooded, others so bare. When you look onward to the end of the lake, the group of mountains and crags there, at the entrance of Borrowdale, is one of the most beautiful and pictorial things imaginable. If any artist would choose a scene for the entrance into fairy land, let him take that. When, again, you turn and look over the town, there soars aloft Skiddaw in his giant grandeur, with all his slopes, ridges, dints, ravines and summits clear in the blue sky, or hung with the cloud-curtains of heaven, full of magnificent mystery. There is a perfect pyramid, broad and massy as those of Egypt, standing solemnly in one of its ascending vales, called Carrsledrum. Then, the beautifully wooded islands of Derwentwater, eight in number, and the fine masses of wood that stretch away between the feet of the hills and the lake, with here and there a villa lighting up the scene, make it perfect. In all the changes of weather, the changes of aspect must be

full of new beauty; but, in bright and genial summer weather, how enchanting must it be! As it was at our visit, the deep black, yet transparent shadow that lay on some of the huge piles of mountain, and the soft light that lay on others, were indescribably noble and poetical."

And yet, it has been remarked, the poet Southey, who lived for forty years in plain sight of all this beauty, has scarcely a line of poetry which localizes itself in that fairy region. Wordsworth, on the other hand, suggests Howitt, left on the mountains, and in

## A FATHER'S CRIME.

WHEN Theodosia Martindale was seventeen, there came to her, one day, a sudden and realizing sense that she was a girl almost alone in the world. Strangely enough, she had never thought about it before. The manner in which she lived, having been the same ever since she could remember, had not seemed strange to her. Now, suddenly, she grew aware that she had no mother, or aunts, or cousins, or girl friends; and that other young



WORDSWORTH'S TOMB, GRASSHIRE.

all the vales of Cumberland, an everlasting people of his creation. He has made the hills, the waters, the hamlets and the people, part and parcel of his life and fame; he has woven his verse into almost every crevice of every rock, and cast the spell of his enchantment upon every stream. Though there can be no question that Southey loved the lakes and mountains around him, he has no more linked his poetry with them than if they had never existed. Yet our critical guides still speak of him as having been one of that vague and shadowy group, to which they give the name of "the Lake School."

JOHN B. DUFFEY.

NEVER teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value. A girl's whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and, if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her the just value of dress, and that, for real happiness, there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face. But never sacrifice truth.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

creatures of her age had them all. She wondered what it meant. She realized that she scarcely knew half a dozen people in the world. She had lived, ever since she could remember, in a pretty country-house, about a mile away from the neat little village of Grey. The house was buried in trees, as her life was in seclusion. No one ever came there, except the carts with meat, or groceries, or vegetables, which drove up to the back-door. In this house were five souls—herself; her father; a kind, steady-going old housekeeper; a maid-of-all-work, and a boy, who blacked the boots, tended the garden and ran of errands.

The only changes Theodosia could remember were when the boy or the maid-servant had left, and their places had been refilled. The housekeeper seemed to her never to have changed at all since she could remember. Nor had her father changed, except that his hair was growing gray. To her he had been everything—father, friend, playmate and sole teacher. Few girls of seventeen are so well-taught as was Theodosia; though she had never received one lesson from any one save her father. He was her whole world, and a world with which she had hitherto been perfectly contented. Knowing nothing of other girls, she had not realized at all how different was her own life from theirs.

The thing which at last opened her eyes was a little conversation between her father and their old housekeeper. Theodosia had been sitting in the deep

window-seat of the library, with the curtains shutting her out from the room. It was a favorite nook of hers when she was reading, and she did not move or speak when her father came into the library and sat down at his table. She was busy this morning over an odd volume of tales she had picked up. Soon Mrs. Simms, the housekeeper, entered, and began to speak to her master. It did not occur to Theodosia to make her presence known. She never would have thought of their having anything to say which she might not hear—any question to settle more important than the dinner. But Mrs. Simms's first words startled her into attention.

"Is this state of things to last always?" seemed to her a singular question to be addressed in a tone of remonstrance, if not of reproach, to her father.

He answered with a heavy sigh: "I have told you often that I see no other way."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you are wrong. It seems to me the past might be the past, for everybody, now; and it's hard on the child—Theodosia is a pretty creature. I was in the village yesterday, and I heard of all the summer doings—picnics, and riding-parties, and little dances and charades; and it did seem a shame to me that our young lady, who is prettier than any of them, and sweeter and nicer, should be shut out from everything that all the other young things are enjoying. I must say, sir, it does seem a bit hard."

"Hard! Mrs. Simms, you don't know what you are talking about. It is something more than hard. Do you think my girl's position does not drive me mad?"

And then the father got up and went swiftly out of the room. Mrs. Simms stood fidgeting among the books she was pretending to dust, half frightened at the effect of her own words. Theodosia slipped down from the window-seat, and out from behind the curtains, and stood there before the old housekeeper with a new look upon her face.

"Am I a pretty creature, as you said, Mrs. Simms?"

As one might look for the first time at some beautiful picture, Mrs. Simms regarded her. She was neither dark nor fair, this girl; but a bewitching combination of both. Her eyes and her lashes were dark, but her hair was as nearly golden as hair can be. Her complexion was of a soft, creamy white, except that the lips were brilliant as a cardinal flower, and now a deep color glowed also in the cheeks. Her figure was not too tall, and at present rather slight; but its graceful outlines promised a superb womanhood. Mrs. Simms had called her a pretty creature; but she had never perceived until now how really beautiful the girl was. She answered, as one compelled almost against her will, to confession: "Yes, Miss Theo, you are that, and a good deal more."

"And my life, then, it is so different from that of other girls? Why is it so different, Mrs. Simms?"

"Oh, that I cannot say; it is your father's will," and hurriedly the housekeeper took up her duster and went from the room.

Theodosia Martindale—this girl, with her grand name and her grand beauty, and her lonely life—went slowly towards an old Venetian mirror, that stood in a corner of the library, a mirror on which a beautiful nymph was blossoming out of a water-lily, and leaning over to look at herself in the glass below—Theodosia and the nymph looked in the glass together. The girl had no standards of comparison, but she felt in her inmost soul that the truth had been told her—that she was, indeed, lovely to look upon. The blood thrilled in her veins with a new consciousness of life and of power. She would know what this strange separation from her kind meant; and it would fare hardly with her, indeed, if she might not go out into the world, and make her way with the rest. She would compel from her father an explanation of all that was strange.

She stepped out into the long garden, and followed down a path the well-known scent of a cigar. Soon she stood before her father.

"Papa," she said, "I heard all that passed between you and Mrs. Simms; and I have come for you to tell me why my life is so different from that of other girls."

She stood there like a young queen, courage and resolution both in her eyes.

Her great beauty struck her father afresh and dazzled him. There was pride in his look, and a tender, half-reproachful pain in his voice, as he asked: "Have I failed, then, with all my endeavors, to make you happy, Theodosia?"

"No, you have not failed. I have been happy, hitherto, because I did not realize my position. Now I see that it is different from that of the rest of the world, and I shall not be happy any longer unless I understand it. Will you tell me what it means? I think it is my right to know."

"Yes," her father answered, sadly and patiently. "I knew this hour must come, but I had hoped not so soon. Let us go back into the library, Theodosia."

They walked back quickly and silently, and sat down in two chairs, facing each other. The curtain had blown away from the window, and Theodosia will never forget how the June day laughed in at them, with all its flowers, and birds, and sunshine. The air was full of the scent of roses, and she will never smell roses again without recalling the faint, sick sense of expectation which almost took her breath away in that hour. Her father was silent for a moment, that seemed to her an eternity—then he said, in a low, strange, moved voice: "I have meant to make you happy, Theodosia. Only God knows how I have loved you."

"You have made me happy, papa; but now I must know all."

There was no relenting in the clear young voice, whose tones went through the man's heart like a sword. He bowed, as if in obedience to fate, and then he told his tale. It was of an improvident youth, an early marriage, and then a trial for forgery, and two years in prison, after which he was pardoned out, to find his

young wife dead, and Theodosia, not quite two years old, all that was left him in the world.

"But you were unjustly accused—you were innocent, papa, or you would not have been pardoned," cried the girl's voice, desperate with pain and hope.

Her father looked at her with eyes that did not miss one ray of her beauty, or one throb of her measureless anguish. His very lips grew gray, but he did not hesitate.

"No, child, I was guilty. I was pardoned because it was thought there were so many extenuating circumstances. I had forged the name of my uncle, whose heir I was to be. He had given me all the money I wanted from my boyhood, had accustomed me to extravagance, and then suddenly refused me another penny, because he was angry at my marriage with your mother. She was as beautiful as you are, child; but she was a poor and struggling girl, whose alliance was counted a disgrace by my uncle. I knew how to do nothing. I sold one thing and another to get along; and then, when my wife was ill, a few months before you were born, I forged my uncle's name in a fit of desperation. I took no pains to conceal my crime or escape its consequences. I suppose I trusted to his life-long love that he would not betray me."

"And he was pitiless?" cried Theodosia, all the color gone now from her young, stricken face.

"Yes, he was pitiless. He called it just. I was condemned to prison; and when I came out again, my wife was dead; I had only you. Even my uncle had died, also. Sometimes I have thought he must have regretted what he had done; for, strangely enough, he left me all his fortune, by will; but the will was made after my wife died."

"And then you came here?"

"Yes, I bought this place. Mrs. Simms was a relation of your mother's, and had cared for you when I was in prison, and I brought her with me as house-keeper. But I have avoided every one else. My story was well-known. Much sympathy had, indeed, been bestowed on me, and much blame on my uncle; but I would run no risk of social repulses. I have lived my quiet life. I always knew you must be told all this sometime; but I would have spared you the suffering a little longer, if I could—yes, and I was weak enough to wish to spare myself the pain of being known to the one creature I love on earth for a criminal, a convict."

Theodosia looked at him a silent moment. Her lips quivered, and the color came back to them, and tears brimmed her beautiful eyes. She went to him, and put her arms round his neck.

"Darling," she said, "I love you. You are unstained in my eyes, for you have repented; and, as for the world, if it scorn us, we can bear that together."

John Martindale looked into this fair and tender face which he so loved, and he saw that it was the face of his loving child still; and then a mist seemed to come before his eyes, through which he could see her no longer. At last he said: "Theodosia, when

your mother died, she left a letter for me, in which she told me she had named you Theodosia, because you had been the gift of God to cheer her in her great sorrow; and she left you to me as God's best gift for my comfort. How well she knew!"

After this morning of which I have spoken, no allusions were made either by John Martindale or his daughter to the secret sorrow of their lives; but a change came over Theodosia. She was not less tender—indeed, she had never before been so careful to make her father feel her love—but, in spite of herself, she was sad and silent. With the June morning on which she heard her father's story, the June of her life seemed to have passed away. She felt as if she were no longer a girl, but a woman. Her father watched her grave, changed ways; and his heart failed him. He could never have his June rose back again, he saw; and if she was ever to be happy, it must be by means of change of scene and fresh interests; the old life had lost its charm forever. At last, one day in July, he proposed to her to go with him to a distant watering-place, and live for a few weeks the life natural to her youth. She looked at him in surprise.

"Could it be possible, papa?" she asked. "You hid yourself from the world. Are you willing to face it again for me?"

His heart was failing him already, but the thought of her wasted youth made him strong. He answered cheerfully: "It will not be so hard a trial as you fancy. In the fifteen years that have passed since I came out of prison, my story is pretty well forgotten by all save the people of this near village; and when John Martindale appears with his daughter at Sea-Cliff, it would be a strange chance, indeed, if any one should associate him with the young man who was tried and imprisoned for forging his uncle's name in a distant State seventeen years ago."

Girlhood reasserted itself in Theodosia at this prospect of change. She looked forward with her wide, eager eyes into an unknown world—she heard its music from afar, and caught the scent of its unknown flowers upon the vagrant, wandering airs of the summer.

Mrs. Simms went with them as far as New York, and there Theodosia was equipped for her campaign. For the first time she experienced the pleasure a lovely woman takes in the charming toilets which enhance her beauty—in soft silks and shimmering satins, and laces like hoar-frosts. Then Mrs. Simms returned, and father and daughter went on alone towards the Southern watering-place which was their destination.

Once arrived there, a new life began for Theodosia. They had no introductions; but they needed none. John Martindale was so thoroughly a gentleman, his daughter was so refined and so beautiful, all their appointments were in a style of such quiet elegance, and their means were so evidently ample, that at once the best society of Sea-Cliff thronged about them. It was as sweet as it was new to Theodosia to feel herself admired—to be sought, and sued, and



striven for. I wonder that she was not intoxicated by this wine of life, so keen and sweet; but there was strength in the girl, and it came to the front in these new scenes.

Of course, among the gallants who surrounded her was the inevitable one for whose voice she learned to wait—without whose words it seemed as nothing had been said; without whose presence the gayest company was but dull. And at this state of things her father's anxious love took quick alarm.

Robert Hartley was a man such as a happier father might well have coveted for his daughter's lover. Young, rich, well-born, agreeable, handsome—there was everything about him to win a woman's heart. Already, before they had been a month at Sea-Cliff, Hartley was to Theodosia as her shadow. But he was the last man, so John Martindale reasoned, to overlook a stain on the family of the woman he wished to marry. Too prosperous himself to have any compassion for misery; too far removed by the circumstances of his life from temptation to have any pity for one who had been tempted and fallen—to love him would be the one irreparable misfortune that could happen to Theodosia. Heaven grant it was not yet too late to avert it! He would go home at once. It was an August evening on which this resolution came to him. He started out to find Theodosia and communicate it to her.

She, meantime, was wandering along the cliffs with Robert Hartley. They had been talking on the piazza of the hotel after dinner, and at last, without the formality of an invitation given and accepted, as if moved by some mutual impulse, they had wandered down to the sea-side. The night was one of a strange, sad loveliness. There was that prophetic something in the air which you never find in June or July, but which begins in August to sigh its forebodings of storms and deaths to come. There was a full moon, but she looked down like some fair ghost afraid to smile. She hid herself constantly behind the clouds, then reappeared to look for a moment on the waiting world, and veil her beauty again, as in sudden alarm lest one should gaze on it too long. A low, sad wind blew across the sea; and in it the leaves of the few trees trembled.

At first, Theodosia had felt a little sad, with the sadness of the scene; a little chilled with the breath of this wind, already of autumn, which uplifted her golden hair. But soon a warmth she had never felt before glowed in her veins. Her cheeks burned; her lips trembled. Her whole being was kindled into a life strange and new. She was listening to her first declaration of love. Robert Hartley could hardly have told, himself, how it was he had ventured to speak so soon. It seemed to him strangely premature; and yet the words burst from his lips, strong, and manly, and sincere, and Theodosia listened. But at his first pause she cried out, passionately: "Oh, don't say any more—not another word. You would be so sorry afterwards. You don't know it; but no men must love me—no man."

And then came her father's story, told rapidly, as

if she feared her strength would fail her; but told honestly, fully. And at the very instant when she was uttering the last words of it, came her father's voice: "Ah, Theodosia, I have been looking for you. Mr. Hartley must please excuse you. I have something to say to you at once."

And then John Martindale drew his daughter's arm through his, and moved away; and Robert Hartley was left standing alone by the border of the sea, with the strange, ghostly moon stealing out of her cloud to look down at him, and the cold breath of the melancholy wind against his cheek. He had not had one instant in which to answer what Theodosia had said, and now it would be impossible to speak to her again to-night. Well, he had until to-morrow to consider.

Meanwhile, Theodosia was walking rapidly with her father along the cliff, towards the hotel. She was the first to speak: "Papa, I want to go away from here at once."

"And I came, Theodosia, to propose the same thing."

"Could we go early to-morrow—early enough not to see any one—too early for any good-byes?"

"Yes, if you will pack to-night."

So, it was settled. Midnight saw Theodosia's packing done; and at five o'clock the next morning father and daughter were on their homeward way. During the long journey, which lasted two days, few words were spoken between them. Theodosia never mentioned Robert Hartley, and her father lost himself in vain conjectures as to whether the conversation he had interrupted on the cliffs had had love for its subject. Had he, or had he not, brought away this darling of his in time to save her from the weary pain of a hopeless heart-break? How he longed to know, yet feared to ask the question which would have come naturally to the lips of a girl's mother.

Once at home again, the autumn days seemed cold and sad to Theodosia. Joy had gone out of life for her—or rather, there was but one delight left in it, that of remembering the words of love which Robert Hartley had spoken. Sometimes this delight was so keen that it was pain. Then she tormented herself with conjectures as to what he would have said had he had time to speak. Would he have scorned her because she was her father's daughter; or would he have told her that he loved her still, though he could never marry her? She thought that, just to know this one thing, she would give almost her life. But, in her wildest moments, she never dreamed that there could have been for herself any happier fate than eternal separation from the man she loved. She grew pale and thin. She did not lose her beauty, but it changed its character. It was a moonlight loveliness, now—not the glowing, June-day bloom of a few months ago. Her father watched her with a great, dumb ache at his heart. He knew, now, that she had suffered a sea-change—that he had not brought her home in time. But, still, he never spoke. Why should he? The thing that is without remedy is no meet subject for discussion.

There came a November night, cold, and sad, and desolate. The evening had closed in early. There were bright lights and a glowing fire in the library, where John Martindale sat; but they seemed to make the night sadder still by their contrast with the wild, tempestuous wind that shrieked outside. Long ago the last pale leaf of autumn had blown down the gale, but the wind, robbed of its poor sport, only shrieked the more madly. Theodosia had gone to her room for a little while, and her father was saying to himself: "I sowed the wind in my youth, and how surely I reap the whirlwind now. But I could bear its worst if it did not uproot a dearer life than mine."

Just then came a knock at the outer door, which the wind's cry almost drowned; but Mrs. Simms heard it, and a moment after she opened the library door and sent in a visitor. John Martindale looked up, and Robert Hartley stood before him. Mr. Martindale began the conventional courtesies of a host, but the young man waved them aside impatiently.

"It was a cruel thing," he cried, "to leave Sea-Cliff, and leave behind you no clue as to whence you came or where you were going. Did you not know that I loved your daughter?"

"No, I knew nothing; and had I known, I could only have told you that there were circumstances in my own life which must make such a love forever hopeless."

"I know to what you refer. Your daughter had just told me the whole story at the moment when you separated us. I do not mind confessing to you that in the first shock I did not quite know my own mind; but before morning came, I had decided that nothing for which she was not to blame could or should separate me from Theodosia Martindale. I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters. I have a right to please myself; and if I can win your daughter, she shall be my wife. I have found you under great difficulties; but at last I have found you, and by your leave I will seek my fate at the hands of Miss Martindale."

At that instant the door of the library opened again, and on its threshold for an instant stood a vision, so radiant that it made both men think of a visitor from another world. It was Theodosia. She had on a soft-falling, white dress. She held in her hand a lamp, in whose light her golden hair shone round her head like a glory. Her face was pale as an Easter lily; but as she looked at Robert Hartley, it changed. A soft flush, like the dawn of hope, overspread her cheeks; a new light flooded her dear, dark eyes; her sweet, trembling lips grew red. She set down the lamp, and reached towards this new-comer her hands. He took them.

"Is it you?" she asked, with a measureless content in her voice.

"Yes, it is I. I have been seeking you, steadily, for three months; and now I have come to ask you to let me stay with you forever."

"And yet you know all?" she said. "This is in spite of everything?"

"In spite of everything. Theodosia, I love you!"  
"And I—did you not know that I loved you always?"

This is all my story; for the life which began that hour for Theodosia Martindale has had no events. Love has blessed it—a love like a great, warm sun, growing steadily towards its noon. Her father has found a content that is almost happiness in beholding the deep peace of his daughter's life; and as for Robert Hartley, he believes himself to be the man in all the world most fortunate and most blest.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

### EFFECTS OF FORGIVENESS.

IN the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said: "Here he is again. What can we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal."

The serjeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said: "There is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that, serjeant-major?"

"Well, sir, he has never yet been forgiven."

"Forgiven?" said the colonel; "here is his case entered."

"Yes, but the man is not before you yet, and you can cancel it."

After the colonel had reflected a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought before him; when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only that I am sorry for what I have done."

After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said: "Well, we are resolved to forgive you."

The soldier was struck with astonishment; the tears started from his eyes; he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant and the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired.

The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never, during that time, was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed; kindness conquered! The man was won!

It was a usual saying of the great Lord Verulam, that not one man of a thousand died a natural death, and that most diseases had their rise and origin from intemperance; for drunkenness and gluttony steal men off silently and singly, whereas sword and pestilence do it by the lump; but then death makes a halt, and comes to a cessation of arms; but the other knows no stop or intermission, but perpetually jogs on, depopulates insensibly, and by degrees; and though this is every day experienced, yet are men so enslaved by custom and long habit, that no admonition will avail.

## MY FRIEND MILDRED.

THE grave expression went out of her pleasant face as she lifted her eyes from the book she was reading, and a frank, sweet smile passed over it.

"The waiter said that I would find you here; so I came up without sending my name."

"And I am right glad to see you."

The welcome in her voice was not more cordial than the welcome I saw in her beautiful eyes. She had closed the book, but still held it in her hand.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as we sat down together.

For a moment there seemed to be a slight drawing back and hesitation in her manner. Then she let the leaves of the book fall apart, and held it so that I could see the open pages.

"Indeed? Oh!" I betrayed more surprise than was seemly. But I was taken off my guard.

She closed the book with a quiet air, her face growing grave again, and laid it back upon the lounge on which we were sitting side by side.

Mildred Hall belonged to a wealthy family, and had been so familiar all her life with costly and luxurious things, that she rarely thought about them, and lived quite above the vain conceits and weakness of so many who imagine that because they are rich they are better than other people. Her father, though an active man of business and engaged in large enterprises, held sound and practical views on questions of good citizenship, and never permitted his private interests to so completely absorb his attention as to make him indifferent to the public welfare. Her mother was too cultivated and sensible a woman to aspire to eminence and leadership in the fashionable world. Life had for her something far more intrinsic and desirable.

From her earliest childhood, Mildred had been accustomed to hear most things called by their right names. In her education, her parents had sought to secure mental growth, and not mere accomplishments; and though they were not able to hold her away from all the influences of that social life into which she came by virtue of her social position, they were yet able to guard her against much that was hurtful and enervating.

We had been school friends, Mildred and I, and quite intimate, though I was older by three or four years, and my family in moderate circumstances as compared with hers. But something drew us together, and our love and confidence were mutual. Two years before she completed her school life mine was over, and we saw but little of each other until after her studies were laid by and she began drifting out into the social world. Then we found ourselves in closer contact again. I looked for the growing signs of indifference which too often close the old,

sweet friendships which make our school days so pleasant; but they did not appear.

Beautiful, intelligent and charming in all her ways, she soon became an object of the most flattering attentions; and I could not help fearing for the effect of all this upon one so young. I saw that she was pleased with the new life upon which she had entered, and that it was gradually gaining power over her. While at school, she had dressed with a becoming plainness that was often in strong contrast with the showy attire of other girls whose parents were not as wealthy as hers. But all this was changed now. She wore the finest of silks and the costliest of laces, and yet with so natural and unconscious an air that you felt sure her thought was but little in them.



I had been absent from the city during the gayest portion of the winter season, but my letters had kept me pretty well advised of what was going on. Only a few times had Mildred been referred to in my correspondence, and then she was spoken of as making "brilliant conquests," of being the "belle of the season," or as the "most elegantly-dressed young lady" at a fashionable party. I sighed to myself as I saw, in fancy, my sweet young friend drifting away from the peaceful and pleasant shores of her lovely girlhood, and out upon the restless, treacherous and troubled waters of modern fashionable life, with its narrow emulations, its poor vanities, its meannesses, its bitternesses, its husks and its dross.

A few days after my return home, I met her on the street. She was more elegantly dressed than I had ever before seen her. My heart half paused in its motions as my eyes rested on her beautiful form and face. Would I get the old recognition? Or were



our ways in life to take their first divergence here, never, it might be, to come together again? The old recognition? Aye, and more! To me, at least, Mildred was unchanged. Her elegant attire faded from before my vision, and I saw only her beautiful face, radiant with affection. A few loving words, and then we separated, with a promise on my part to call and see her on the next morning. It was on that occasion that I found her alone in her chamber, reading.

We sat silent for several moments after she had closed the book and laid it down.

"I hardly expected to find that Book in your hand," I said, breaking the silence which began, at least on my side, to grow oppressive.

"Why not?" she asked, lifting her eyes to mine. Their expression was calm and sweet; the grave look had gone out of them.

"The spirit of that Book and the spirit of the world are so widely different; and I have felt—forgive me for saying it—that you were drifting out into the world, and might be lost there."

"I hope that may never be," she answered, soberly. "And, that it may not be, I often read this Book, and try to understand it and get its lessons into my heart."

"I did not know before that you were religiously inclined, Mildred. How long has it been since your thoughts went in this direction? I've heard of you several times during the winter as in the very centre of fashion and gayety."

"Have you?" The smiles came back into her face. "Yes, I've been in the very centre of fashion and gayety, as you call it, and have had a very pleasant season—the pleasantest of my life."

"And did not lose your relish for that Book?"

"No. Why should I?" She fixed on me a gaze of earnest inquiry.

"You puzzle me a little, Mildred," said I. "One is not used to hearing people talk in this way. Dress, and fashion, and gay parties, and amusements, are thought to be condemned by the Bible."

"I have not found it in my reading," she answered, in a quiet way. "And I don't think my mother has, either, or she would have told me." Then, after a slight pause, "If I had found it there, maybe I would have been too weak to resist the pleasant things which the world had to offer."

"What then?" I asked, curious to look a little deeper into her thoughts.

"I must have turned, I fear, from the Bible to the world. The pleasures that met me in society would have been too strong for the Divine precept, if I had found therein a command to abstain wholly from these pleasures. But my mother has always taught me that it is the evil which is in the world—its malice, its envy, its selfishness and sin—that the Bible condemns, and not its innocent pleasures. And that to be light-hearted, and gay, and happy, is not displeasing to our Heavenly Father. If I had thought this were so, I would have come home from every pleasant party with a feeling of condemnation

in my heart, and instead of saying my prayers to a loving Father, and thanking Him for all His goodness, and for the pleasure I had received, I would have crept into bed like a half-guilty thing and tried to hide myself from His presence."

Mrs. Hall came into her daughter's room and joined in the conversation.

"It is because," she said, as the talk went on in the direction it had been going, "the church condemns so much that is really innocent in itself, that so many find themselves on the outer side, and beyond its better influences. It is not in the social customs, and fashions, and games, and amusements, or even in the riches of the world, that sin lies, but in the evil thoughts and intentions that may enter into their enjoyment and possession; and nothing is evil and sin except wrong to the neighbor and irreverence for God. Are not all the law and the prophets included in the two commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself?' If the church were more tolerant of social customs and amusements, and sterner in its condemnation and discipline of injustice and insincerity, it would have wider influence and a larger power. It has strangely failed to discriminate between the use and the abuse of things; and has driven, or withheld, myriads from its doors and from its protecting and saving influences, because of this fatal lack of a wise discrimination. If it teaches that dancing is a sin against God, and my young daughter, entering the society in which her lot is providentially cast, finds this to be one of its common amusements, and so far as she is able to see, entirely innocent, if no evil thought or affection be joined to it, will not the church, by its condemnation, lose its influence over her, and this at the very time when she most needs it? How much better to accept every innocent social custom and amusement, and to seek to purify it from the excess and evils which may have been adjoined to it. To make it a power for good and not a power for ill. So that all who enter into its natural enjoyments may take with them, if they will, the protection of the church, and may hear its voice of warning if the heart be tempted to go astray. Every year the church is losing its thousands and tens of thousands of young men and women—children of its most loyal members—because it does not follow them into the world, and seek to guard and guide them in the world. It has condemned certain customs, amusements and usages which are not only harmless in themselves, but capable of being made the ministers of good, instead of trying to lift them above the evil service to which they have too long been held. It seems to have forgotten that there is a natural and worldly life as well as a spiritual and heavenly life, and that this lower life, which must first be lived, has its orderly and innocent pleasures, and that these may be entered into and enjoyed in a manner wholly pleasing to God. To teach that natural pleasures, innocent in themselves, are displeasing to our Heavenly Father, is to give an erroneous idea of His character and of His relation to His children. Its



effect can be no other than what we see in all the churches where it is taught. The very seed of the church is dying in the ground; or, if it spring up and send forth a green blade, the growth of the spiritual plant is feeble, and it too often dies."

"The pleasures of the world and the pleasures of spiritual life are hardly compatible with each other," I said.

"If the worldly pleasures be evil, they will hurt, and may destroy, spiritual life," said Mrs. Hall. "But if innocent, spiritual life may rest upon and be sustained by them."

"What do you call an innocent pleasure?" I asked.

"Any harmless amusement, or game, or festival, or bodily or mental recreation, which is not carried to an excess that injures the health, or which does not trench on the time which should be given to useful employments."

"Harmless? Where do you draw the line? Which are good, and which bad?"

"It is our use of a thing not bad in itself—and nothing is bad in itself which does not hurt the neighbor or dishonor God—that makes it harmless or hurtful. If, for instance, I say to my children, it is wicked to play at cards, the fact is not clear to them. They can no more see the sin in a game of cards than in a game of chess or checkers. But if I say, to gamble with cards is sinful, because in the game you are trying to get your neighbor's property without a return of value, which is only another name for stealing, I can make them understand me; I have stated an important truth, and have given them a standard by which to estimate the good or the evil of what they are doing. My children are stronger to face evil when they go out into the world, because they know in what it consists. So of all other games and amusements. If, in entering into them, it can be done without excess, without trenching upon the time that should be devoted to useful employments, without detriment to the health, without hurt to the neighbor and without moral deterioration, then will they be found useful instead of hurtful. It is the evil use to which we put a thing that makes it evil. If we can get this truth fixed in the intelligent thought of our young people, we set a guard at the door of their hearts; and throw about them a sphere of our protection."

"But," said I, "the pleasures of this world all run into excess or evil; and to share in them is to set our feet in the ways of temptation."

"Are its employments any the less beset with evils and temptations?" she replied. "Shall I say to my sons that trade is sinful because it is used by many for cheating and stealing? or, shall I not say that cheating and stealing are sinful, but trade a good thing in itself when used for honest purposes? The same law holds good in our amusements as in our employments; both are evil when used for selfish, evil and corrupt ends, and both are good if the use be orderly and the end pure. And it is just here," she added, "that the church has erred in her judgments, and through this error separated the young and the plea-

sure-loving, instead of holding them within her protecting arms, and seeking to lead them in and through their natural affections and pleasures up to the love and worship of our blessed Lord, who looks past the outward action, and sees and judges by what is in the heart."

When we were alone again, Mildred said, with a glow on her face and a tender light in her eyes: "If there ever was a good woman, it is my mother. We who see her daily life, and feel how unselfish it is, know all about her qualities."

"I had not thought of her as a religious woman," I remarked.

"She has never been an active church-woman," Mildred replied.

"She is a church-member?"

"Oh, yes, and a Christian at home, as well. So true, and just, and considerate of every one. It was from her that I learned to go often to the Book you found me reading, in order that I might gain strength to do right, and get nearer the Divine protection. 'We come nearer to God,' she says, when we have His words in our thoughts, and the nearer we are to Him the less our danger from the evil influences which meet us in the world. I shall know that there is something wrong with me when I cease to find pleasure in my Bible."

"Can you read it on coming home at night from a fashionable party?" I asked.

"If not, I should know, as I have said, that something was wrong," she answered, with a pleasant smile. "Not the dancing, nor the music, nor the gay spirits I had indulged, but the selfish, envious, unkind or uncharitable feelings which I had permitted to enter my heart."

Not long afterwards I heard an excellent woman, and pious member of the church, lamenting over the worldliness of her daughter.

"Her head is turned," she declared, "with dress, and fashion, and party-going. I've talked, and reasoned, and pleaded with and prayed over her, but all to no purpose. There was a time when she loved her church and her Bible, but she never reads the good Book now. And as for church, she goes with the crowd, to see and be seen, and not for any good," a deep sigh coming in at the close of the sentence.

"Why," I asked, remembering my conversation with Mildred and her mother, "has your daughter lost her relish for the Bible?"

"It's plain enough. The Bible condemns the world and its vanities on every page; and she turns from the Bible with as much diabolism as from the warning of the church and the admonitions of her mother."

"She believes them all to be against her?"

"She knows that her life is displeasing to God, and opposed to the teachings of the Bible."

"Indeed!" I said, affecting a grave surprise. "I am pained to hear you say so. I thought her pure, and true, honest and sincere."

"And so she is!" came in a quick, half-indignant voice from the mother's lips, while the heat of a sudden and irrepressible anger burned over her face.

I waited for a few moments before replying. Then I said: "Blessed are the pure in heart."

She looked at me in a wondering kind of way; her lips gently falling apart, and the warm color slowly going out of her face.

"Your daughter is pure in heart."

"I don't know. We are none of us pure. There is none good but God." She spoke as one in a maze of uncertain thoughts.

"Pure," I said, "as one standing in her innocent girlhood at the verge of her woman's life."

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a tender thrill in her voice. "I do not believe that she has an impure or evil thought."

"And is as true as she is pure?"

"She is singularly truthful. Conscientiously so, I might say," replied the mother, warming in her speech. "And she has such a kind heart; and is so loving to children, and to the aged. Oh, if she were only a Christian, she would be perfect! But the world is bearing her away, and my heart is breaking about it."

Tears flooded the mother's eyes and dropped over her cheeks.

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

The wondering look I had seen a little while before came back into her face as I repeated these words. Then I told her all about Mildred Hall and her mother, and what I had heard them say about the pleasures and amusements of the world, and wherein they regarded them as innocent or as evil.

"I don't know about all that. I must think it over," she remarked, with a thoughtful air.

"If it really be as Mrs. Hall says, that the Bible does not condemn the fashions, and amusements, and pleasant social customs of the world, but only the evil heart that may be in them, and that if enjoyed innocently they are innocent, how much safer than others will they be who can take with them a sense of God's approval instead of His disapproval; and who can find in His Holy Book no word of condemnation, except for evil thoughts and affections, and for acts which wrong the neighbor."

"Yes, yes. All that is plain enough," she answered. "But I must think it over, and have a talk with our minister. It seems to be true; and yet it is so different from the way I've been used to regarding the things of the world and the things of Heaven."

I met this lady and her daughter a few months afterwards, and was struck with the tender confidence and sweet good-will expressed in their manner towards each other. The daughter was handsomely dressed, but not in the extreme of fashion. In the brief conversation we had together, I noticed that they were in agreement on most of the themes introduced, and that in all her bearing towards her mother the daughter was gentle and respectful.

"If I cannot keep her out of the world," she said to me at our next meeting, "I am going to keep as near to her as possible while she is in the world."

She is young, and enjoys society. If I try to hold her away from its amusements, its fashions, and even its frivolities, I shall certainly fail; and if I steadily oppose and frown upon her, I shall alienate her affections, and push her beyond the sphere of my influence. It is all plain to me now; and my loving duty is plainer still. Again we read the Bible together; and, what is better and sweeter still to me, I often find it lying open in her room. I think, sometimes, that her love of the world is growing less. She sees more of its heartlessness, its shallowness and the unsatisfying nature of what it calls good. Ah, if, after all, my daughter should become a Christian, what a happy mother I should be!"

"If," I said, "she is accepting the good that life has to offer, and rejecting the evil because it is evil and contrary to the Divine law, has she not really begun the Christian life? It is in the world, where temptation meets us, and not in the closet or in the church pew, that we lead our Christian life. They only come to Christ who obey His precepts. May you not call yourself a happy mother now?"

"And my daughter out in the world, and taking pleasure in its follies! And—and—"

"In its innocent pleasures, so long as she makes them innocent," I said, as she hesitated in her speech, "while her mother holds her hand lovingly, and says, 'My daughter, keep your heart pure amid these pleasures and allurements, and never think, or say, or do anything that will come between you and your loving Father in Heaven when you kneel at your bedside and offer Him thanks for your many blessings, and pray that He will keep you from evil.'"

She looked into my face with moistening eyes as she answered: "I have greater cause for thankfulness than I had thought. Yes, yes, I will call myself a happy mother to have so pure, and true, and good a child; and though the world is calling her, and reaching out after her, I will do all in my power to hold her lovingly back from its evil influences."

IRENE L.—

## FADING AND FALLING.

ONE by one they fall and fade,  
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade;  
Some in the bright and glowing noon,  
Some 'neath the cold and quiet moon;  
One whirleth here, one falleth there,  
Till the ground is covered, the bough is bare;  
So every field and path receives  
These fading, falling, dying leaves.

One by one we fall and fade,  
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade,  
Some in the bright, unclouded light,  
Some in the cold and quiet night;  
One mourneth here, one parteth there,  
Till the soul is weary, the heart is bare;  
So every field and path receives  
These fading hearts, these dying leaves.

## COAL.

**T**HERE are few things more luxurious and delightful than a coal-fire. How delightful to dream and imagine pictures in its glow. How can one believe that all this brightness and comfort was hidden away for thousands of years in the depths of the earth. And it seems still more incredible to imagine that, way back in our world's history, during the time that scientific people call the "Carboniferous Period," this smutty, black substance was then to be seen in the form of monstrous trees, gigantic rushes, luxuriant grasses and wondrous ferns.

This little leaf of the world's history, which we have stolen from the dismal coal-mines, has disclosed to us more delicious and wonderful mysteries than all the charming tales of fairy-land. The researches of science picture for us a giant forest, where no bird-song, nor cry of animal, nor even hum of insect enlivens the passing hours. Shadows and absolute quiet rule the forest, only broken by the rush of tempests through the branches, and the crash of falling trees. As ages passed, the great trees and ferns decayed, fell to the ground and were covered with falling leaves and other debris, and the floods poured upon them, filling up all intervening spaces with pebbles, mud, sand and clay, until their pressure upon the vegetable deposits and the internal heat of the earth, combined to drive out the gases and change the old forest into this black, sooty fuel, which we burn. Where this process is nearly complete, we have what is called anthracite, and where it is only partially finished, we have bituminous coal.

There these old forests have been buried, slowly changing their nature and preparing themselves for our needs, when we should come to scripping fuel times; when hundreds of steamships should ply our waters, and hundreds of iron horses should prance across our prairies and through our forests and under our mountains; when thousands of manufactories and mills should whiz and buzz in our cities and villages.

Then came the men of science, like the soothsayers in the fable, and, by means of certain mysterious calculations, disclosed to us the hiding-places of this sooty gnome. And then came the sturdy miners, and with their charmed wands or pick-axes tapped upon the hidden doors of these buried riches; and, lo! at their "open sesame" the black caverns yawn and give up their dead for our consuming engines.

Here is a description which a young friend gave us recently of a descent into a coal-mine:

"Of course, we girls could not enjoy a few days together without getting into some kind of mischief, and so, one sunny day we started out in fine spirits to investigate the mysteries of those underground thoroughfares. Not till long afterwards did I realize how indiscreet, and even dangerous, was our exploit—three mad-cap girls alone in that dismal mine, inhabited only by rough miners. Providentially, however, we met with no harm. Accompanied by a swarthy (I mean sooty) guide, we descended into the

darkness in one of those villainous baskets, or cars, which are used for that purpose. In a few moments we found ourselves in a low, narrow gallery, running far off, an interminable length of darkness and gloom, lit only by the faint glimmer of an occasional tin lamp carried on the caps of the miners.

"Our guide, also, was adorned with one of those lamps, a small tin, teapot-looking thing, fastened by means of a wire to the front part of his cap. The flicker of these lamps, wherever there was a number of men, looked, in the distance, like tiny fire-flies. The passage soon grew so low that we were obliged to crawl almost on our hands and knees, and at one place there was a huge pile of dirt and stone and other refuse, over which we had to crawl, literally, like a baby. At various points we could hear the peculiar sound of the drill, boring down, sometimes almost over our heads, which caused us to quicken our speed rather more than was practicable. Far in the distance resounded the muffled roar of an explosion, while before and behind us was the monotonous thud, thud, thud, of the miners' pick-axes. But half an hour of such experience was enough for us. After so much darkness, and dirt, and danger, we were glad, indeed, to see the bright sun and the blue sky once more."

MIRIAM FULLER.

## COLOR BLINDNESS.

**T**HE infirmity known as color blindness is much more prevalent than one might suppose, and directors of railways, when selecting candidates for the post of engine-driver, stoker or signal-man, are often astounded by the number of candidates they find afflicted with it. It will seem scarcely credible to those who have good eyes that three men out of five should be quite unable at a distance of two hundred yards to tell a green lantern from a red one. The most astonishing mistakes have been made in this particular. Engine-drivers, who, in broad daylight could see two miles before them down a straight line, and detect a paving-stone on a rail at one thousand five hundred yards off, have been known to rush heedlessly by a danger-signal at midnight, and bring a whole train to destruction. And yet the glasses in the red lanterns that signify "beware" or "stop," are always of immense power, and, on a dull night, ought to be clearly visible to the naked eye at a distance of at least five miles. A sailor who, on the night watch, will find it quite impossible to say which glass is up at the Eddystone or Bell Rock, may be the first next morning to cry out "Land!" from the top of a shaking mast-head.

Will not this help to explain the contradictory account about ships' lights in cases of collision, and should it not suggest to captains of vessels the necessity of care that the men who have the "look out" at night should see, true? and may not some cases of collision be owing to this color blindness.

Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counselor of a thousand.



## ALACHUA LAKE, FLORIDA.

TWO miles from Gainerville is an extensive plain, where the land, being lower than the surrounding level, forms an oblong basin, which is approached through the Hamak (an Indian word from the Carib language, meaning an abiding place; secondarily an Indian farm, since they struck their wigwams only in fertile spots most likely to make ample returns for the labor of cultivation). Here the fertility produced by the wash of the water causes the densest growth of tree and shrub, whose every branch is heavily draped in long, gray moss, amidst whose swaying fringes the serpent-like Muscadine writhes and twists from the jessamine-carpeted earth to the, at once bearing and budding tree-tops. Thus

are industriously plying their long bills in the sands of the shallows, occasionally uttering an expression of "luck! luck!" by way of denoting their success, till alarmed; then a flutter, a whirl, and the whole bevy has flown to seek new fishing-grounds. From this your attention is attracted by a distinct splash; you turn quickly, expecting to see, you dare not conjecture what, in this land of enchantment; but all is calm; only tiny wavelets circling out of sight indicate the scene of the grandest exploit of some ambitious fish in the practice of his gymnastics; only a somersault in mid-air by way of investigating atmospheric prospects. At the incautious barking of a dog, the dusky-mailed alligator arises from his cavern in the deep, and takes his undisputed path in pursuit of his destined prey. The calla-like "bonnet" leaf upon



the view is entirely obstructed, till, suddenly emerging from this chaos of tropical luxuriance, the astonished vision is greeted by a silvery expanse of water, fifteen miles in extent, bordered by moss-clad trees, which, seen in the distance beneath the oblique rays of a white morning sun, look like hosts of mermaids emerged from the sea to flaunt and air their tresses 'mid the sheen of water and sunshine. The snow-white crane and the delicately-tinted pink curlew stretch their long necks, and spread their ample wings for flight, then settle and hang for hours, like the fragment of a lodged kite, upon the vine-clad branches overshadowing the water. The gray, web-footed water-turkey describes an irregular circle, perches solitary upon some isolated crag in mid-water, till, disturbed, he suddenly disappears, and while you vainly watch for his reappearance near the same spot, he is serenely sailing upon the bosom of the lake, far in the distance. Myriads of blue petrel

its interminable stem floats phalanx-like upon the surface of the water, furnishing a footing to fishing-birds, and seed to hungry ducks, and its stem-worm to fishermen for bait. In the distance, mere dark specks are outlined against the sky; later they have grown to miniature life-boats; snatches of song are wafted over the rippling water, the nearer splash of the oar is heard anon, and glad fishermen return laden with enormous perch, trout, blackjack and pike.

The picturesque effect of this irregular outline of strangely-fringed margin, now losing itself beyond the reach of unassisted vision, and again approaching and appearing at the most opportune points, is most advantageously viewed from a small promontory whose light-house is only the fisherman's humble hut, and whose beacon-light only the smoking remains of a few smouldering chunks, around which half-clad children roast the luscious-looking wild



orange, while above them the stately magnolia lifts his kingly head for a peep at his glossy-green coat with its velvety-brown lining in this grand mirror of nature. The less imposing bay is satisfied with bending beneath his royal cousin's arm for a glimpse of his more sombre suit, while the maidenly orange, true to her sex, gazes long and intently at the reflection of her own brightly-contrasting green and yellow dress with the satisfied air of any other rustic belle similarly arrayed in colors so gay and gaudy. Upon one side of this promontory is the "Suck," said to be bottomless, and in which the sub-current ebbs and flows in sympathy with the ocean, and through which the water finds a subterraneous passage to the grand "waste of waters." Upon the opposite side reposes the green and melancholy depths of the "Sink," also a bottomless abyss, with a full, round throat, though only a narrow neck through which its waters imperceptibly communicate with those of the lake. This serves as a harbor for the fishermen's boats, and was called by the Indians "Alachua," meaning "The Big Jug," from which the county derives its name. A few years ago this plain was a cattle and grass-covered prairie, with only this "Sink" or "Big Jug" as a Jacob's Well in the wilderness, when a terrific rain-storm sent the deluge of its raging flood-currents straight to the bosom of this concave, whose "Suck" being obstructed and the "Big Jug" already full, filled in forty-eight hours, carrying down to destruction whatever living thing chanced to come in its way, preparing a home for myriads of fishes, flocks of ducks, bevy of birds and ugly monsters of the deep, who, in their turn, when the flood-gates of the "Suck" shall carry down this vast sheet of water, will meet their fate, and rot upon the plain, and putrefy in the sun of the tropics, literally becoming a "Dead Sea" of fishes and reptiles, from which, however, man still reaps a reward. Alligator hides, teeth, skulls, queer bones and curious aquatics will be collected for the temptation of curiosity-seekers, while the productiveness of the soil will be so increased that this subsiding of the waters will be the signal for a grand cropping of corn, cotton and potatoes. Thus this lake becomes the Nile of Florida; it is also called the "Smoke-House" of Alachua, since it furnishes meat to thousands of improvident negroes—directly from its bosom or indirectly by traffic—while the timber on its margin has attained a size nowhere else known in the pine-clad levels of Florida.

MRS. M. L. SAYERS.

ALL men must acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins that can be committed between man and man—a crime of a deep die, and of an extensive nature, leading to innumerable sins; for lying is practiced to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, destroy and the like. Lying, in this sense, is the concealing of all other crimes, the sheep's clothing upon the wolf's back, the Pharisee's prayer, the harlot's blush, the hypocrite's paint, the murderer's smile, the thief's cloak and Judas's kiss. In a word, it is mankind's darling sin and the devil's distinguished characteristic.

VOL. XLVI.—2.

## HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN."

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WOOING AND THE WINNING.

"THE sweetest, dearest, daintiest little thing you ever set your eyes upon."

Archie Lester's face was alive with enthusiasm.

"I met her last evening at Mrs. Ringold's, and lost my heart at the first glance."

"Oh! I was not aware that you had found that unlucky organ again. It was lost to a pair of coal-black eyes the last time I saw you. Are these blue?"

"As spring violets."

"I might have known that. The pendulum of your fancy swings steadily from one extreme to the other. It is the nut-brown maiden to-day, and the pink-cheeked lassie to-morrow. But who is this new charmer, and what is her name?"

"Her name is as sweet and as fragrant as herself. Rose Darling."

"Rose Darling. Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls?"

"You'll believe it when you see her, Philip."

"No doubt of it."

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls! Why, it's her very self! Is that a bright fancy of your own?"

"Oh, dear, no! Tennyson is responsible for the dainty thought; not your unimaginative friend, Philip Lawson. I happened to read his 'Maud' one day last week, and this line has been running through my brain ever since."

"And a fairy little queen she was in the 'rosebud garden of girls' last evening."

"Tennyson must have had a dream of her, when he wrote:

"In gloss of satin, and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen-Lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,  
To the flowers and be their sun."

"Little head running over with curls! The very picture I saw last night. And in every ring of her golden hair the light was at play with the shadows."

"If we had no playing of lights with shadows anywhere else but in a maiden's glossy curls!" There was a falling cadence in Philip Lawson's voice.

"There would be no beauty in the sky or earth," responded Lester.

"Perhaps not. But the shadows, it seems to me, are almost always too heavy for the lights."

"I have never found it so. My world is full of lights; and the shadows are only strong enough to give the needed contrast, and make the light more beautiful. I am an optimist."

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"So you call yourself."

"I should hardly call myself one if I looked as steadily as you on the dark side of things; if, in every play of light I saw only the contrasting shadow."

"I do not see myself in the glass you are holding up. I take life as it is. Something real and earnest."

"Sombre and earnest, you had better say."

The eyes of Philip Lawson dropped away from those of his friend, while the faintest impression of a sigh hovered about his parted lips. The silence that followed was broken by Lester, whose thoughts had gone swiftly back to his new innamorata.

"Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words."

"How many times have I heard you quote these lines before?"

"Like the apple-tree blossom,  
From the dew fountains fed,  
Is the bloom of her cheek,  
With its white and its red,"

was the ardent young lover's light response. To which his friend replied from old Carew:

"He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires—  
As old time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away."

"What a miserable old croaker you have become, Philip! Is there no true love or constancy in the world? I should be sorry to see you lead a fair maiden to the altar."

"Why?"

"Because, when old time veiled the beauty of her face, you would cease to love her."

"Time can never veil to my eyes the beauty of the woman I truly love."

"I like that. It has the true ring. But what of the rosy lip, and coral cheek, and star-like eyes?"

"The fuel that feeds my love will never come from these alone. I must have character as well as personal charms."

"You stipulate for beauty?"

"I love beauty; and I have seen its highest expression in a face that some called plain; and its utter defect in another face that the world called beautiful. Do you remember that poem of Wordsworth, commencing:

"She was a phantom of delight?"

"Of course I do. A perfect picture of my lovely Rose, only her hair is golden, and not dusky, like the poet's phantom:

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle and waylay."

"You think so?"

"Wait until you see her."

"Have you had the 'nearer view' yet?"

"That will come."

"And you expect to find her

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light?"

"She'll be a dear, darling little wife, which means everything," answered Lester.

"That is, if you can catch the bright little fairy."

"Of course. We must win before we can wear. As for your 'perfect woman,' 'nobly planned,' my fancy doesn't run that way. I want something to love and to pet. And then I shall not need any comforting. As to being commanded, that wouldn't begin to do. Your self-poised, strong-minded women are my aversion."

"Every one to his taste. We live, happily, in a free country. But, seriously, Lester, who is this little charmer?"

"Seriously! Do you wish to make me angry?"

"But who is she? And where did she come from, this 'queen lily and rose in one?' Is the flower indigenous, or exotic?—the growth of our own soil, or a hot-house plant?"

"I'll tell you all about that when I know for myself. I'm going to see Mrs. Ringold this very evening." And then the ardent lover sang gayly:

"Oh, her brow is like the snow-drift,  
Her throat is like the swan;  
And her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on."

Archie Lester had reached the ripe age of twenty-five. He was a lawyer by profession, having been admitted to the bar three years before the date of his abrupt introduction to the reader. His legal ability was fair, and he was slowly but steadily making his way—looking to his profession as the only means of advancing himself in the world. He was a young man of some taste and culture, a lover of the beautiful—particularly of the beautiful in woman. He had already lost his heart to a pair of bright eyes, or a rose-bud mouth, more than half a dozen times before this last enravishment. But it was noticeable that his affairs of the heart had little effect upon his appetite, and in no way impaired his digestion. The broad chest kept to its full expansion; the rich blood left its fine color in his face, and never failed to send its generous life into every nerve and fibre of his body. Come what might, Archie Lester was always ready for his "good square meal," in the taking of which he rarely if ever found his relish fail.

Handsome in person, frank and easy in manner, kind and gentlemanly in deportment, Archie was a general favorite. "Such a splendid fellow!" "So

kind and generous?" "So unselfish?" These, and kindred forms of speech, were common among his male friends. While the women said, "What a good catch!" And yet it must be told that, with all his pleasant and attractive exterior, the young man was very selfish. It was all right, if nothing interfered with his personal comfort. If you differed with him in opinion, and argument began to wax warm, he would gracefully retire and leave you master of the field, and to your own good opinion of yourself. But, if you trespassed on what to him was felt as an individual right; if you invaded the domain of his ease and self-indulgence, he could be as hard as iron. Only those who came very near to him, and particularly in his home-life, understood this side of his character.

One of Archie Lester's sweetest dreams, as he looked into the future, was a home presided over by one of the loveliest of women. He had his ideal of this woman. She was an unselfish angel, whose every thought and care was to fill the life of her husband with enjoyment, and make his home a paradise of love and beauty.

Eureka! He had found her! How many times in the last four or five years had he believed this, as his fancy invested one mortal woman after another with the perfections it was his delight to contemplate; perfections that faded off as he drew nearer and nearer, until only a woman, with like weaknesses and passions, with the rest, was before him, and he turned away disappointed—all his dear illusions gone.

Again, Eureka! He had found her! Will the nearer view dispel this last illusion?

"Rose, dear!"

There was a rustle of soft muslins and the sound of light footsteps, as a beautiful girl came in from an adjoining apartment in answer to the call. How shall we describe her? No pen-picture can give anything but a faint impression of her loveliness. Small in stature, every limb and feature so harmonized in their proportions, that she looked like a painter's or a sculptor's dream. Her face was oval; the chin slightly advancing; the nose straight and delicate; lips finely arched, round and full; large eyes of the tenderest blue, that seemed floating in tremulous light. But there was something in the expression of these eyes that you did not clearly understand—a kind of questioning wonder, as if a veil of mystery were resting on everything. You hardly knew, sometimes, whether a shadow or a sunbeam were passing over them. She was a pure blonde in complexion, with light golden-brown hair, and lips and cheeks as delicate in their colors as the tinting of a shell.

There was an easy grace in her manner as she came gliding into the room where a lady sat with some light needle-work in her hands.

"What is it, aunty, dear?" she asked, a serious smile resting on her lips.

"Come and sit down by me, Rose. I wish to talk with you." The lady passed an arm about the girl, and gazed for a few moments into her eyes, while a look of tenderness, that had in it a touch of pity,

softened the expression of her face; then she drew her down into a chair by her side.

"About what, aunty?" The large, wide-open eyes were fixed upon the lady.

"I wish to talk with you about Mr. Lester."

A startled look came into the beautiful eyes. There was no question now as to whether a shadow or a sunbeam had fallen into them. The delicate blush on the girl's cheeks deepened to a rich crimson, that suffused her whole face. Mrs. Loring felt the small hand she had taken trembling in her own.

"Yes, dear; about Mr. Lester. His visits are becoming frequent; and—and—"

Before Mrs. Loring could finish what she was going to say, the little head, "running over with curls," was lying against her bosom.

"My dear Rose!" she said, as her fingers went in among the golden curls, and lifted and toyed with them lovingly, "we must talk soberly about this matter."

Closer drew the head into her bosom.

"Mr. Lester may be all well enough in his way. I hear nothing against him. But—"

There was a doubt in the aunt's voice that sent a quiver through the girl's frame.

"But what, Aunt Mary?"

Rose Darling lifted her head and looked steadily at Mrs. Loring. Her face had grown suddenly pale.

"It cannot be, Rose, dear," said the aunt, speaking with great seriousness, "that in this brief acquaintance with Mr. Lester you have permitted yourself to become as much interested in him as your manner indicates? You know really nothing about the young man."

The only reply to this was a rain of tears from the soft blue eyes; and once more a rippling mass of sunny curls were lying against the breast of Mrs. Loring.

Rose Darling, the orphan niece of Mrs. Loring, had been an inmate of her aunt's house for only a year. Up to this time, and for three years after the death of her widowed mother, she had been at school; and now, just as the girl had blossomed out into a womanhood of marvelous beauty, the only relative left to her in the world had drawn her lovingly into her heart and home.

What Mrs. Loring had looked forward to with a concern never for a moment out of her mind since the exquisite loveliness of her niece broke upon her had come. The passion of love had been awakened in the girl's heart, and all the happiness of her future was involved. Of Archie Lester she knew but little. Taking advantage of his introduction to Miss Darling at Mrs. Ringold's party, the young man, after finding out all that he could about her, ventured to call at Mrs. Loring's within a week. The aunt was quick to see that her niece was interested in the young man. How could the artless, soft-hearted child-woman help feeling the admiration that looked out upon her from Archie Lester's eyes, or help feeling the love-inspired tones and inflections that made his voice so pleasant to her ears. He had come to woo and to win the

beautiful girl, and had, therefore, no scruple about taking advantage of his first opportunity. Within a week he called again.

In the meantime, Mrs. Loring was, in her quiet way, making inquiry about him. All that she could learn of his standing and character was in the main favorable. He had no property, but was regarded as a young man of more than average ability, and one pretty sure to rise in his profession. At his second visit, the aunt came into the parlor and was introduced. Lester, to use his own words in relating the incident to his friend Lawson, was on his "very best behavior," and succeeded in making a good impression on her also. Still there was something about him that Mrs. Lawson did not like—a sphere that repelled instead of attracting her. She was careful, in speaking about him to her niece, not to betray any interest one way or another. If the feelings of Rose were in danger of crystallizing into love, she knew that an unfortunate word might be like the dropping of a leaf on the still surface of a pool in winter.

The thought of marriage for this delicate, fairy-like girl was something against which the aunt's feelings rose in an instinctive protest; and yet she was a creature to love and to be beloved. A woman's heart beat in her bosom; and before her lay the inevitable to be wooed and to be won. What was to be her fate? The heart of Mrs. Loring was already beginning to feel the burden of solicitude, and to grow weary thinking over the load this fragile young thing might have to bear in the coming years, when the brief interview to which we have just referred startled her into a knowledge of the fact that Rose had already drifted out upon a current from which she was powerless to draw her back; a current that would bear her to some pleasant land, or throw her a broken wreck on some bleak and desolate shore.

Mrs. Loring waited until the quivering form of her niece grew still, and then lifted gently the head that lay closely pressed against her bosom, until she could look into her sensitive face. The eyes were brimful of tears; but Mrs. Loring saw rainbows in them. The lips had a sorrowful curve; but their expression changed quickly. Love, and hope, and sweet confidence were crowding into her heart, and revealing themselves in her countenance.

"My darling!" said Mrs. Loring, her voice full of tenderness and concern. "You know really nothing about this young man."

"I know that I love him, aunty dear, and that he loves me."

Down went the little head, and the blushing face hid itself once more.

"That he loves you, Rose!" The surprise in Mrs. Loring's voice was made deeper by a throb of pain.

"Yes, aunty," murmured the happy girl. "He loves me, and has told me so. And I love him."

"My Rose! My darling!" Mrs. Loring caught her breath, holding back a sob; and then lifting the face of her niece, laid her cheek against it, her own wet with the tears which came flooding into her eyes.

"He's so good and true, aunty! And I'm so happy! You mustn't feel so badly about it."

And Rose kissed the tender, half-sorrowful face that looked at her so pitifully, wondering in her little heart what it all could mean.

Mrs. Loring stood facing the inevitable. Gentle and yielding as she had ever found this dainty girl, she knew that opposition would be of no avail now. In the new life that was opening before her, and into which she would set her feet, say nay who might, there must be no alienation between her and her truest friend; but a closer confidence and a more unshaken love.

Archie Lester was an ardent wooer. The charms of person and graces of mind and character which threw a spell over him at his first meeting with Rose Darling, had increase of perfection and loveliness when he came to know her more intimately. Like some exquisite bit of art-work, the closer view only revealed a higher beauty. The angel-investiture was so complete, that, to his dazzled eyes, there came not a sign of the common mortal. So he made no delay in winning the prize; and he found the task an easy one.

A little formality and show of asking Mrs. Loring's consent to address her niece, after he had made a declaration of love, and taken consent from the lips and eyes of his charmer, and Archie Lester announced to his friends that he was engaged to Rose Darling. Among these, the only one who did not congratulate him warmly was Philip Lawson.

"What's the matter? You look as if you'd been invited to a funeral, instead of to a prospective wedding. Is the joy of my winning so bright that it throws a shadow on your tardy wooing?"

Lawson smiled at the ardor of his friend as he replied to this sally: "The true happiness of another can never shadow my life. I wish you joy with all my heart."

"Thank you. But your heart, somehow, doesn't find an echo in your voice. What's the matter? You've seen her. Isn't she the loveliest little thing alive? The dearest, the sweetest and the daintiest?"

"Lovely as a picture, Archie. A very dream of beauty! A 'phantom of delight!'"

"Give me your hand on that, Philip!" And Lester caught his friend's hand, and held it with a tightly-strained grip. "Yes, you've said it. Lovely as a picture; beautiful as a dream. And I'm the happy man!"

"There's another side to all this, my friend," said Philip Lawson, the smile dying out of his face.

"Oh, confound your other side! You're always looking back of everything to see if you can't discover the shadows."

"They are usually there; and as the world is always turning, we are pretty certain to find them in the end."

"Time enough after the revolution is made. When the sun shines, wise men enjoy the warmth and beauty it throws around them."



"There are two in this case," said Philip. "I was thinking about the happy woman."

"Oh, were you? And what was the burden of your thoughts?"

"Would you like to know them?"

"Yes."

"You are going to be very happy?"

"The happiest of living men."

"In giving or receiving?"

"I don't see your drift." There was a slightly puzzled expression in Lester's face.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive, you know—easier to bestow than to find happiness."

"Well, what of it? What are you driving at?"

"You love this girl?"

"What a question?"

"True love is a giver, and ever seeks to bless its object. Now, look down for a moment or two into your inner consciousness, my friend, and see whether in all your pleasant dreams of the future you have really thought of making this lovely being happy?"

"I could almost strike you!" was the half-indignant answer.

"Restrain the impulse, and look closely into your heart. See for yourself just how it is."

"Well, I am looking into my heart."

"And what do you find there?"

"Joy and blessedness. I'm happy, and my darling rose-bud is happy, and we are both going to be happy together all the day long."

"She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife of mine,"

That is to be.

"I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer,  
And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tine."

"Ah, Archie! Archie! if you only knew yourself better."

"That is, if I could only see myself through your jaundiced eyes."

"Through any eyes but your own."

"What would I look upon? A hideous monster?"

"You would look upon a lover, I apprehend, who loves himself more than the object of his love; and who, in gazing forward into the rosy-tinted future, is thinking of his exceeding joy, and not of the joy and gladness with which he will be able to dower another."

"You are a strange kind of a person, Philip; always trying to find if a bitter seed does not lie hidden at the heart of every bit of lucious fruit which the good God presents to your taste. Very thankful am I that, in accepting so royal a gift as this one which has been bestowed upon me, I can do it, heart-free from any of your miserable doubts and questions."

And yet the young man's voice had lost something

of its half-reckless confidence; and his friend, as he looked steadily into his face, saw therein the shadows of soberer thought.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TWO IDEALS.

ARCHIE LESTER did not belong to the class of patient waiters. The branch that held his lovely rose was bending to his touch; his senses were oppressed with beauty and sweetness; and his hand was trembling in its eagerness to pluck the flower. How could he wait through weary months—it might be years—for the joy of possession?

And why should he wait? Why not gather the blushing rose, and wear it in his bosom? Ah, if he had not been poor! Too poor, at least, in these modern days, for the luxury of a wife; for, was not his income, all told, less than a thousand dollars a year; and did not pride and prudence both forbid the thought of marriage on so slender a provision.

But Archie Lester did not, as we have said, belong to the class of patient waiters. He wanted his Rose, and will began to search after the way, and to make of lighter and lighter account the obstructing influences of pride and prudence. On the favorable side of the argument came in a fact of which the young man took little or no account in the beginning. Rose Darling had an income of her own, amounting to nearly five hundred dollars a year. Add this to his own one thousand, and the prospect had a brighter look. The first time Archie made this almost involuntary addition, a flush of shame burned on his cheek, and he pushed the thought away as something mean and mercenary. But it soon came back, presenting a more agreeable aspect on the second intrusion, and no very long time went by ere it became a factor in making up the account of resources on which he might safely make his matrimonial venture.

Let us try and get a look at things through our young friend's eyes, and see the rosy future as he saw it. There was a time when Archie Lester had very decided views on questions of social life. He was going to make his way in the world; to rise above the common level in his profession, and command distinction and fortune. That accomplished, he would marry, and his wife should be the social peer of the best and proudest. While this state of feeling ruled, handsome residences, in which men of considerable wealth were content to live, looked plain to his eyes. Brick was common. He had no taste for anything but sandstone or serpentine.

But now a change had come over the spirit of his dream. All this was weakness and folly; the mere shell of a true life. He wanted the sweet kernel. What cared he for the world, its fashions and its vanities? Love and home! Were not these the all in all. The palace did not make happiness, but the loving hearts which dwell therein. He was not going to marry for the world, but for himself. Why, then, take the world into account? No more sandstone and

serpentine for him; no more mansard-roofs and bay-windows. All he wanted for his home-nest was a modest little dwelling, into which he could retire with his love, saying, in tones more tenderly cadenced than even Tennyson heard in fancy when he wrote:

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

Into his bosom and be lost in him! Yes, he was to absorb her into his own life. She was to become a part of his existence, a perpetual minister to his happiness. There was to be a little home, with cozy little rooms. Large rooms were cold, and stately, and dreary. These were to be full of sunlight and firelight; and he saw this light, soft and mellow as the tints of evening skies, resting on dainty bits of furniture, or glinting from book-shelves, or making the rooms warm and lustrous with its golden hues.

What pleasant pictures he made for himself. Not all dreamy and unreal. Oh, no! Archie Lester was a very real sort of a man, and nature was as strong in him as it is in most of us. One of his favorite pictures was his darling little wife, daintily dressed, presiding at their board, whereon were spread the delicious viands which had been served under her directions. How sweet their fancied taste; sweeter, because her skill and care had been given to their preparation. Cowper's "Task" was one of his favorite poems now. Its pictures of home-life were charming. He saw the curtains drawn by a white little hand, on which a single jewel sparkled, as he wheeled round the sofa to get the nearer warmth of their glowing fire. Then the "hissing urn" appeared, and from that same little hand he took the cup "that cheers but not inebriates." Not that he was particularly fond of tea as a beverage, but then this ideal of home was so delicious.

No, Lester could not wait for the larger income it must take years of earnest work in his profession to command.

"And why should I wait?" He did not find it a difficult thing to answer this question—at least to his own satisfaction—after carefully estimating the cost of a very modest establishment. As his practice at the bar was steadily growing, he set down his income for the next year at an advance of fifty per cent. over that of the previous year; and he even flattered himself that it might be more, as there was no telling what lucky turn might come to him. A good, rich case might fall into his hands any day. It was no rare thing for a thousand-dollar fee to be picked up by men who had a reputation at the bar, and Archie felt that he was making reputation fast, and on the eve of better fortunes.

The will and the way run often very closely side by side, particularly if the will be strong; and it was strong enough in the case of our young friend. And now he became interested in houses and neighborhoods; in the cost of furniture; in the prices of food, and the quantity required for a family of three persons. He was surprised, in adding up the pounds of

meat, bread, sugar, tea and coffee, and the quarts, pecks and bushels of various kinds of marketing that three persons were supposed to consume, to find how small the quantity really was; and the fact dawned upon him for the first time that boarding-house keepers were making enormous profits. On two thousand dollars, they could set up an exquisite little bijou of an establishment, and "live on the fat of the land!" And he was sure of that income.

What an Eden of delight it was into which Archie Lester was about to enter! Fancy was never idle in her work of filling this Eden with scenes of enchantment. His darling Rose! His dear little wife!—the sweetest, daintiest, most precious thing in all the world! She was the light, and life, and soul of this Eden. He saw her only as a thing of beauty. Always smiling and happy; always doing something to make his home delightful; always welcoming his return with gladness. Never a shadow on her face; never a tear in her soft blue eyes; never an unsatisfied wish in her heart.

Couplets and quatrains chased themselves through his excited brain. All the love-poetry he had ever read drifted back from memory into speech, and even as he bent over his law-books he would murmur softly to himself:

"Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss  
When day's dull round is o'er,  
And sweet the music of the step  
That meets me at the door."

Or,

"There be none of beauty's daughter  
With a magic like thee."

Or,

"It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear."

Or,

"Look out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes."

Or,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or, leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine."

And the dear, dainty, little darling! What did love build for her in the regions of fancy? How did he people for her the new world of the future on whose threshold she was standing, and over which she was about passing without a fear? Love, love—this was to be all in all! Life was to be love, and love life. Every passionate word, every sweet compliment, every tender sentiment that fell from her lover's lips, was garnered in her heart, and written in her memory, making the very Gospel of Love, in the life of which she was entering into Heaven!

With what strength and manliness; with what nobility of soul and gentleness of spirit; with what honor and grace did she endow this man unto whom she was about giving herself. She would rest in his supporting arms; she would lie against his bosom; she would be the tender nursing of his great and

unfailing love. If her thoughts came down into the common things of life; into the duties and responsibilities she was about assuming, the soft, warm atmosphere in which she lived colored everything. How light the task of ministering to his needs and pleasures! Her hands would be gifted with a magic power, and order would spring into existence at her touch. There would be no jar in the machinery of their home-life; and no shadow to dim its exceeding brightness.

It was all finally settled. Mrs. Loring's plea for a year's delay was argued down and her prudential considerations set aside.

"The child is scarcely eighteen," so she pleaded with Archie Lester. "It is too soon for her to marry; and you, pardon me for saying so, are not yet able to take upon yourself the expense of a family; and she is too frail a creature for work and care."

"Work! Mrs. Loring! What are you thinking about?" is Lester's almost indignant response. "My wife is to be something more than an upper servant."

"She will have the care of your household; and no woman ever found the task of housekeeper a light and easy one."

"It will be light and easy in our home," is the confident reply. "Don't give yourself any trouble on that account, my dear Mrs. Loring! And as to my not being able to take on myself the expense of a family, you're altogether mistaken. My practice is steadily increasing, and so is my income."

There was no use in opposing the young man; and as his will had already become almost a law to the gentle girl, no impediment was set by her in his way. So the wedding-day was fixed and the bridal preparations begun.

In one thing Mrs. Loring's judgment prevailed. Lester was going to rent a house and furnish it, and after the wedding take his bride into her own new home. But Mrs. Loring said "No" to that. It would be far better to rent the house after they were married, and then she and Rose could see to the furnishing.

"It is her taste, rather than yours, that must come in here," said Mrs. Loring, with enough decision in her voice to jar upon the feelings of our young husband about to be, and to bring to his remembrance the fact that, in his plans for furnishing their dear little ideal home, he had not once thought of anything so common-place as consulting Rose about style, color or material. Not that he meant to ignore her. Nothing of the kind. The beautiful home was to be hers, and he meant to make it all that was sweet and lovely; never for an instant dreaming that her taste could possibly run counter to his. The remark of Mrs. Loring lifted a few of the scales that were lying too closely against his eyes.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WEDDING AND THE HONEY-MOON.

IT was not a brilliant wedding. Lester would have liked *éclat* and notoriety; to have given all the world an opportunity to see and admire the lovely

being he had wooed and won. But Mrs. Loring was influenced by other views and feelings; and she was a woman strong enough to have her own way in matters that came fairly within her proper control.

No, it was not a brilliant wedding; sensational and vulgar. It did not get into the newspapers. The bride's *trousseau* was not inspected by curious reporters, and minutely described, from the rich silks and laces to the dainty under-garments, in all the morning and afternoon papers. It did not take two bishops and half a dozen rectors to perform the ceremony, and there was no bevy of brides-maids, nor little army of ushers fluttering about the chancel of a fashionable church.

Not a brilliant display in the eyes of a cold and curious crowd, but a quiet and beautiful ceremonial in the heart of home. Who that saw the bride in her robes that day could ever forget the vision of loveliness.

"If this were opening the doors of Heaven for her, and we were passing her in among the angels," said Mrs. Loring to a friend, "my heart would feel light. But it is heavy—heavy." There were tears in her loving eyes.

"She will be happy," answered the friend.

"Happy!"

"Why, Mrs. Loring! How can you feel so? Few girls marry, in these times, with so fair a promise of happiness. Every one can see that Mr. Lester loves the very ground she treads on. And, then, he is a young man of the purest character, and is rising in his profession. If it were my daughter—" A sigh fell softly on the air as the friend's voice became silent.

"In among the angels!" Yes, yes. If Mrs. Loring had stood at the open door through which this lovely girl was passing into Heaven, her heart would have been light indeed, compared with its condition now. As she slowly faded out of sight, and the door swung back again, "In among the angels," would have sounded in her ears and comforted her stricken heart.

But now this tender flower, from which she would have kept even the summer winds from blowing too roughly, was to be taken from the warm and guarded conservatory of her home, and set out into the garden of the world, to be exposed to fitful changes—to burning heats and chilling blasts—to storms and winter!

No marvel that the eyes were tearful whenever they rested upon the bride. And she was so happy; wondering, in her simple heart, at the wet eyes that looked on her with such a pitying tenderness, and at the quivering lips and choking voice that gave no joy to the uttered wish of joy.

"It is always so," said one and another of the wedding guests, when they looked at the brimming eyes which never seemed to turn away for an instant from the bride's lovely face. "No matter how fair the promise—no matter how good, and true, and noble the man who wins the daughter's heart may be—the mother is sad, and fearful, and reluctant when the hour of parting comes."

"And Mrs. Loring is only her aunt," remarked one.

"It is the mother-heart in her that is so sorrowful now," was answered. "But it will all pass over as the morning cloud and the early dew." The speaker was young, and given to sentiment.

"There is something more in all this than morning cloud and early dew," said another, in a sober voice. More than forty summers and winters had touched her face with lines of thought, and care, and suffering. "Life beyond the threshold over which this lovely child is stepping now, is a very real life; and like the rest who take it up, she will find it so—God bless her, the little darling!" and the speaker turned her soft, motherly eyes upon the happy girl who looked, in her bridal robes, more like a fairy queen than a creature of mortal birth.

All this was aside; like the dim shadows that hover in distant corners when the sunlight is abroad. For the rest, the scene was sweet and beautiful, and full of hope and promise.

A bridal tour of three weeks, and then Mrs. Loring held the happy-hearted child-wife in her arms again; and Archie Lester went back to his office and his law-books. There were a few parties at which the friends of Lester had an opportunity to see his bride in all her bewildering beauty. Then the quiet home-life began.

To the congratulations of friends, Lester had a favorite response: "Beautiful as a fairy; and the dearest little wife in the world."

One said in reply:

"A creature far too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food."

"Not too bright and good. You misquote the poet," returned Lester—

"And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine."

"A very delicate machine, and you must handle it with exceeding care, friend Archie. A rude touch, even a breath, might disturb its fine movement. If Wordsworth had seen her, he would have written, I am sure:

"Far too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food,"

instead of 'not too good.'"

"Have it as you will," returned the light-hearted young husband. "She's the dearest, sweetest thing in all the world:

"For sylphid grace, and maiden pride,  
For gentleness and sense,  
My fancy turns to thee, my bride,  
And draws her pictures thence.  
What can I more than worship thee?  
Even at the gate of Heaven  
I'd own the fond idolatry,  
And trust to be forgiven."

"Ah, Archie, Archie! When the glamor of the honey-moon has passed, and you and your dear little wife stand fronting the day whose dawning is not far off, how is it going to be?"

It was his friend Philip Lawson who threw this question like a wet sheet over the glowing enthusiasm of Archie Lester.

"As it is now," was answered, confidently, yet with a visible depression in the voice, which Lawson did not fail to notice. Three weeks of the honey-moon had passed.

"Tender and true. Tender and true. O Archie, my dear friend! come what will, never fail in truth and tenderness. Forgive me! You know how strong a regard I bear you. Already the play of shadows is in your sunny sky."

"Philip!"

"I have seen it more than once."

"Philip!"

Was it anger or dismay that sent the color back from the young man's brow, and gave his eyes that strange expression?

"What have you seen?"

"The bright look fade in her sweet face, because the tenderness had gone from her husband's voice."

"Philip Lawson!"

"It is true. And it is coming out as I had feared."

"Coming out how? What? You are talking in riddles!"

"That you are to be all in all, and your dear little wife nothing but a thing of beauty in which you are to find delight. A pet and a plaything now, and the fair and loving minister of your needs and pleasures in the time to come. Your will is to be her law, and her opinions and views of life only the reflections of yours."

"You do me a great wrong, Philip."

"I wish it were so. But when I see you prompt to question anything she happens to say that is not in close agreement with your own views, and overbearing—forgive the word—in your sweeping ways of putting her down, I cannot but feel that you are to be the all in all in this affair, and your pretty little plaything of a wife nothing. If she submit to be nothing—well; that is, if you are content in such poor companionship. But if this lily cannot, or will not fold her sweetness up, and 'slip into the bosom of the lake,' what then?"

"What is all this about? Am I awake or dreaming? Overbearing! Sweeping her down! Good Heavens, Philip!"

"None so blind as those who will not see."

"See what? Your distorted fancies? Oh, yes, I see them; and what is more, I see them fade away like mists in the sunlight. Putting her down, the darling! Submit to be nothing, when she is my sun, and moon, and stars!—when I live in the heaven of her eyes! You don't know what you are talking about."

"Perhaps not. Time will show. And yet, if you were to look steadily through my eyes for a moment or two, something might be seen that your own eyes have failed to notice."

"Lend me your eyes, then, that I may see through them."

"In a pleasant parlor are half a dozen people, and



among them Archie Lester and his bride, the latter looking so happy and beautiful that everything around her is taking tone and color from her radiant life. Archie's eyes follow her as she moves about the room with a sylph-like grace, or rest upon her when she is still with a kind of fascination in their gaze. And yet he is seeing below the enchantment, for every now and then he drops a word that is addressed to the real, imperfect woman he has already discovered under the guise of all this bright exterior. Does she heed these little words? As the check is drawn upon her freedom does she yield to the gentle force? If so, the response is so slight that it is scarcely seen, except, it may be, in her freer manner. Are the words dropped again; or, is Archie wise enough and forbearing enough to let her alone? They are dropped again and again; the tone a little more imperative with each repetition, as if he had the right to command. But she does not, it may be, will not heed—for, has not God bestowed on her, as well, the gifts of freedom? Is she to be watched, and checked, and made to go this way and that at the will of another? Is this her loving husband? or a master whom she is to obey? And now he becomes slightly irritated. All tenderness drops out of the eyes that seem never a moment withdrawn from her face and form. The one does not look quite so beautiful, and the other has lost something in the grace of its movements. Her spirits rise to a higher tone; her motions are more restless. She flits about like a bird, talking gayly, and not in all things sensibly enough to please her husband in his present mood. Somehow they drift into a little discussion, and there is a playful, but still resolute setting up of her own opinion in the arguments. A brief contention, and then down comes the generous, loving husband with an impatient swoop upon his little dove. The word to which she is about giving utterance dies on her curving lips. The light fades out of her face; and you see a half-scared expression in her startled eyes. In a moment or two she has regained command of herself. But, for all the rest of the evening she is very quiet. There is the picture—and you have seen it before."

Lester had dropped his eyes to the floor. There was a sober expression on his face as he looked up.

"You have drawn the scene too strongly, and colored it too highly," he said. "I was a little impatient, I know, but you have exaggerated its effect on my wife. If she had been hurt, as you fancied, the effect would have remained; but no shadow was left on her happy spirits. She knows how deeply I love her; and that if I am sometimes betrayed into an impatient word, my heart is warm and true, and that every wish and thought are seeking for ways in which to crown her life with blessing."

"Words strike harder than blows, Archie; and the hurt of their impact goes deeper. Why strike her with a cruel word?"

"Strike! You magnify a trifle into an outrage!"

"No; I speak soberly. The hand that smites is not conscious of the pain it causes. The blow given may not send even a jar back upon the sensitive

nerves, but the blow received is another thing! You are a strong man, full of a hard and vigorous life; she is one of the most delicately-organized of her sex. I wonder that you are not half afraid, sometimes, even to touch her with your hand. O Archie, my friend! let me repeat what I have said—be very, very tender of your frail and beautiful flower."

"As if I needed a word from you! As if I did not know how exquisitely fine she was! But fine as a woman, and with her just measure of a woman's strength and character. In your eyes she is only a blossom or a bird. A creature for the eye's delight but of no manner of use in the world. To me, she is a darling wife; my soul's companion; a lovely mortal fitly mated to a mortal man. We do not expect to live on dew and sunbeams; but on 'human nature's daily food.' Doubtless there will come

"Transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

But they will be only the passing episodes that all must experience, and which will heighten by contrast the joys of wedded life."

Philip Lawson shook his head gravely.

"Always looking on the side that rests in shadow," remarked Lester, with a lightness of tone that jarred upon his friend's feelings. "Happily, I am blessed with a cheerier temperament."

The picture which Lawson had drawn for his friend was too strong in color and too faithful in detail not to make a vivid impression; and when Archie was alone, he felt, as he still stood in its presence, troubled and half-ashamed. He had been too impatient; had spoken a little harshly; had put his darling down with too sweeping a hand. But Rose had forgotten it already. There had been a momentary shadow; but she was again basking in love's warmest sunshine. He would be more guarded in future, and at least refrain from any hasty or reproving speech when others were present. If, in her thoughtless gayety—and Archie had already discovered that his dear little wife was not always as wise in speech, nor as staid in action as he could wish—Rose should say or do anything which was not just to his liking, he would wait until they were alone, and then enter up his protest.

Let us see how it really was with the wee little wife. Had she forgotten? Had the shadows passed, and was her soul bathing itself again in the sunshine of love? Do such shadows ever wholly pass? We think not. The heart has its memories, and they are never lost. Dim love's brightness once, and something of the filmy breath that obscured it will always remain. The young husband's first harsh word, or cold look, or fault-finding sentence, is rarely forgotten; or, if forgotten, not the heartache it occasioned. He will know nothing of the tears that fall in secret; for the wet eyes will dry themselves ere he comes home; and he will meet only smiles and words of happy welcome. But, if he were gifted with a clearer vision, he would see deeper than the veil—behind which his true-hearted wife had concealed herself.

Ah, how many husbands walk side by side with their patient, gentle, self-repressed wives, all along the years from the wedding to the burial, their eyes too thickly covered with the scales of selfishness for any vision clear enough to see down into their hungry hearts—hungry for consideration, and hungrier still for the love at first promised and afterwards denied!

The honey-moon had waxed and waned, its light slowly fading and failing. Had Rose forgotten the impatient words, and knitted brows, and the flashing betrayal of anger seen more than once in Archie's eyes? No; that would have been impossible. But all was hidden in her heart—at least from her husband; and, in his view, forgotten and forgiven.

It was the last day of the honey-moon. Archie had come home to his dinner a little less amiable in his feelings than usual. A troublesome law case had disturbed him. The kiss with which he saluted Rose felt cold on her lips, and sent a little shiver down to her heart.

"Take them out, darling," he said, with something in his voice that chilled her like a reproof. And he touched one of her ear-rings. "They are too heavy. I never liked them."

"Oh, I didn't know that." And the hurt little wife smiled lovingly into her husband's face, as she plucked out the rings. "How do you like these?" and she took another pair from the bureau near which they were standing.

"Better."

She placed them in her ears, and then waited for him to say, "Charming!"

But only received an indifferent, "More becoming, a great deal." To which was added this almost authoritative injunction: "Don't, pray, ever let me see you wearing those Greek amphora again."

Still she smiled back upon him, and he never dreamed for an instant that his words were hurting her sorely, nor that, while there was sunshine in her face, it was raining in her heart.

At the dinner-table occurred a little passage of words, in which Rose asserted her freedom to think in her own way; but quickly retired from the contest when she saw the temper of her husband. She was sweet and gentle towards him, not seeming to feel the blows that were in his words every time he spoke. Not that he was angry with her; not that he meant to hurt her with his unguarded speech. But he was in one of his unamiable moods, and found more pleasure in its indulgence than in its restraint. The kiss that Archie left on the lips of his Rose when he went away after dinner, felt colder even than the one he gave her at his coming home.

Back to his office strode the husband, and up to her chamber crept softly the dear little wife, where her aunt found her an hour afterwards lying asleep upon a lounge. Her face was pale, her lips sorrowful; the wet lashes lay close upon her colorless cheeks.

"The dearest little wife in the world!" Archie Lester was saying to a friend, in response to fresh congratulations; "and I am one of the happiest men

alive." Saying it with bright eyes and a beaming countenance; while Mrs. Loring sat, with an aching pity in her heart, looking down upon the pale, still face and wet eyelashes of her beautiful niece.

So ended the honey-moon.

(To be continued.)

### ALTERNATE.

**H**ALF in the shadow, and half in the sun  
This world is always lying;  
And we could not turn the nights to days,  
Or hinder the storms by trying.

And the year is made up of the light and the dark,  
And our lives of joy and sorrow,  
For whatever of fortune we hold to-day  
Will slip from our hands to-morrow.

So, half in the shadow, and half in the sun,  
Our little worlds are lying,  
And we could not turn the nights to days,  
Or hinder the storms by trying.

But hope is good of a cloudy morn,  
To cheat us of half our sorrow,  
And help us to cheerfully earn to-day  
The light that will come to-morrow.

Some walk ever with downcast eyes,  
And think it is always raining,  
While the year goes by like an autumn day,  
Filled up with a long complaining.

Yet could they lift their eyes to heaven,  
They would see that the skies were rifted,  
And God's glad sunlight shining through,  
Where they think the clouds lie drifted.

And there are others who go their ways  
'Neath skies that seem unclouded,  
While the year goes by like a summer day,  
With the roses of pleasure crowded.

But could we search along the paths  
That look so gay with flowers,  
I think we should find that their feet have pressed  
The thorns as well as ours.

Should find that the way has not all been bright  
Because of the many shadows  
That lay, like a pall, o'er the lonely vale,  
Ere they reached the pleasant meadows.

So let them be glad, if be glad they may  
After their night of sorrow,  
And laugh the more in the sun to-day  
For the rain that will come to-morrow.

It is well to know that the darkest cloud  
Has always a silver lining,  
For though above and beyond our sight  
The light is forever shining.

And though the whole of our lives should be  
Alternate joy and sorrow,  
We know that God has been good to-day,  
And God will be good to-morrow.

MARY A. FORD.

## THE BABIES' HOME.

THE Philadelphia Home for Infants is an institution just four years and four months old, though it grew out of a necessity which has existed for a countless number of years and months—the necessity of providing for destitute babies. It often happens that the father of a poor family dies—the older children can be placed in homes; the mother may, perhaps, get a situation, but there was, until recently, no way of providing for the baby; or the mother is taken away, leaving a number of helpless ones, and the father is too poor to hire a nurse or housekeeper; as, in the former case, the larger ones can be provided for; but here again arises the difficulty of properly caring for the baby. In May, 1873, a number of ladies held a meeting, and determined to found a home for children of ages ranging from a few hours old, up to three years. In June it was started in two houses, at the corner of Thirty-sixth and Locust Streets; but these buildings were found unsuitable, and the next year it was removed to the commodious mansion which it now occupies, on Forty-fifth Street, the beautiful grounds surrounding which extend from Market Street to Chestnut Street. Young as the institution yet is, it has already accomplished a great deal of good, having saved hundreds of children, who, but for its aid, must, ere this, have fallen victims to destitution, starvation and death. This is not a foundling asylum, though, under certain circumstances, children are received, whatever their parentage, when there is room for them—it is intended for and mainly occupied by the children of poor, respectable people, who hope some day to reclaim them. Nor is it meant for babies whose parents can afford to pay a full-price board for them, though a small weekly sum is accepted of such parties as are able to give it.

In passing through the rooms, one cannot help remarking on the cheerful appearance of everything. Good ventilation, proper warmth, fine toys, pretty pictures, nice cradles and comfortable beds are everywhere, while the babies themselves, as Mrs. Reeder, the courteous matron, expressed it, are “as nice as anybody’s babies”—that is, they look as clean, well-fed, neatly-dressed, pretty and bright as the majority of babies anywhere. Their health is almost perfect. Evidently, everything that can be done for them, is done. There are in each room three cribs and a bed for three babies and one nurse.

As I passed through the rooms, I thought surely these little ones need nothing. But, in one room, I felt a real pang in my heart. Little Julie was cutting teeth, and Tommy was restless. Poor little things. Cutting teeth and restless, and yet there they must sit on a strip of calico on the floor. They didn’t cry—I didn’t hear one baby cry—but they looked so sad, so lonely, as they hung their pretty little heads, and knitted their little brows, and bit their tiny fingers. They had no mother to take them up and pet them and soothe them. Yes, there is one thing whose place nothing can fill, the loss of which can never be

made up, as long as one lives—a mother’s love. I had to hurry out of that room—had I stayed another instant, I must have burst into tears—and, as I passed on, I told Mrs. Reeder of what I was thinking.

“No,” she said, with real sympathy in her voice; “they don’t get rocked and nursed enough; but, compared with most poor children, they get rocked and nursed a great deal. Few poor children can get from their mother the attention that they require—she has too much else to do,” and I sighed as I remembered how true it was. Whose fault is it? When will this weary, toil-worn, sin-sick world wake up to what it owes to its little, innocent children?

On the first floor, running the whole length of the house, is the nursery for the larger ones—those who can walk. Like the rest of the rooms, it is bright and sunny, with the floor neatly carpeted, the walls hung with pictures, and toys scattered round. At each end of this room is a bed for a nurse, while against the wall all around stands a continuous row of cribs. The inmates of this room spend the day in the play-house. This has been formed from what was the stable, when the house was a private residence. A floor and glass windows have been put into it; furnished and warmed, it is a large, pleasant room. It was a treat to go in here. There were about twenty little ones running about, playing horses and hugging their dollies—all, except one, looking healthy and happy. As Mrs. Reeder opened the door, there was a great shout of “Mamma, dear,” and “Mith Weedy,” and a rush forwards, and a number of little ones were around her to pull her skirts and take her hand, while I came in for my share of scrutiny. One tugged at both hands, several examined my dress, while one little, dark beauty wanted me to kiss her, and a number of others followed suit. Again the door opened, and there was a greater outcry than ever—it was “Pappy Weedy” this time. Had Mr. Reeder really wanted to make an entrance into the room, it is doubtful if he could have done it. They surrounded him, they grasped his hands, they held on to his coat, they butted him with their heads, they trod on his toes, all the time keeping up exclamations of “I dot hold you toat,” “I dit on your teeth,” “I eat you up,” etc. Mr. Reeder pretended to want badly to make some progress into the room, but declared it impossible. Then he took up Andy, a bright little fellow, who had been in the institution since he was a week old, and kissed him, at which all wanted to be kissed, but Mr. Reeder gave out before he had reached the sixth, and turned and beat a hasty retreat, followed by noise and deprecation enough, but there was no sound of discontent nor peevishness. I did not get off so easily—I was obliged to bid them all “bye.” Cunning little tots!

The Home is one that must strongly appeal to the benevolent. That it does, was well shown in the fact that a lot at Ocean Park was donated to it, last summer. This was on July 4th, and by the 18th, a cottage had been erected, and the family moved into it, and they remained two months. But, let it be remembered, that while this institution does not lack

for friends, one set of people cannot do everything. This is an expensive establishment, because the babies are helpless, requiring many nurses and attendants. The smallest contributions are thankfully received and usefully applied. Surely, out of the many readers of this magazine, some mothers have baby-clothing, some children toys, that they no longer use. The very first money given to the building-fund, amounting to more than a hundred dollars, came from a parlor-fair held by three little girls. The Home is open for visitors on Wednesdays from one to four o'clock, and will be found well worthy of a visit. Mrs. Franklin Bacon, of 222 Rittenhouse Square, is the president of this excellent institution; and Mrs. Lucy T. Price, 1809 Mount Vernon Street, corresponding secretary. There is a board of managers composed of thirty ladies. M. B. H.

## TALES FROM SCOTT.

### THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

THE most beautiful among the provinces of Scotland, with its great variety of natural scenery, is the county of Perth, the scene of so many remarkable exploits and desperate encounters between the Saxon and the Gael.

The antiquated town of Perth, according to the old tradition, was founded by the Romans, and has often been the residence of Scotland's monarchs. It was here that James I. died a victim to the jealousy of his vengeful aristocracy.

To the inanimate natural beauties of Perth were added the charms of those beauties who are at once more interesting and more transient. In these times of which I am writing, beauty was so much worshiped that it gave its owner almost unlimited power, often raising persons of inferior rank who possessed its attractions to exalted positions, in more than one instance giving them a share of the throne. Under such circumstances, where there were so many to claim the attributes, to be called the Fair Maid of Perth inferred no mean superiority, and might dazzle many a girl of higher birth than Katie Glover, who was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful young woman of that city, and whose renown had drawn so much notice from the young gallants of the royal court.

But Katie showed no disposition to listen to gallantry that came from those of a higher station than that which she occupied. Her father—his name signified his business—was a glover by trade, and had advised her not to notice such gentlemen. Said he, "I want no son-in-law who thinks himself better than I am."

We first meet Katie and her father on St. Valentine's Eve, wending their way, arm in arm, to the church of the Dominicans, with a tall, handsome, well-proportioned apprentice acting as body-guard to them both; but, by the attention he paid to Katie, it was evident that it was to her, rather than to her father, that he desired to dedicate his good offices.

The little party were overtaken by a tall young man, evidently of high rank, wrapped in a cloak, with which he muffled his face, who placed himself on the right hand of Katie, and slackened his pace as if joining their party. He addressed the father with, "Good-evening to you, good man," and entered upon some matters of business.

The old man pressed him to pass on; but he took no notice, addressing his whispered conversation to Katie, of which the last sentence was just loud enough to be overheard.

"Mastress," said he, "how wilt thou answer for tormenting the heart that loves thee dearly?" And as she repulsed him, and, with her father, insisted he should leave them at the church door, he said: "Well, my princess of doeskin and blue silk, I will teach thee to rue this."

He stood watching them, and after they had entered the church made a signal, by holding up one of his gloves, when two men similarly disguised joined him, and, after earnest consultation, retired in one direction as he went in another.

It was after dark when Katie, with her father, left the church, and the streets were solitary. When part of the way home, Conachar, their attendant, stepped up, and said: "Master, walk faster; we are dogged by a man muffled in a cloak, who follows us like our shadow."

Leaving Conachar to walk with Catherine, the old man fell back and observed the stranger following them closely. This made the old man uneasy, lest the beauty of his daughter might render her the object of some profligate scheme, which, in those troubled times, were easily carried out by those having the power, and against which the poorer ones had but little protection. But when they arrived at their home, and Katie was once safe within the door, he had no hesitation in calling to the follower: "Come, step forward, my good friend, and do not play at bo-peep. Step forward, I say, and show us thy shapes, man."

"Why, so I can, Master Glover," said one of the deepest voices that ever answered questions; "and would they could bear the light something better."

"Body of me," exclaimed Simon, "I should know that voice! And is it thou, Harry Gows? Nay, be-shrew me, if those passeth this door with dry lips. Come in, man, we will jingle a can ere thou leave us. Come in, I say; Katie will be right glad to see thee."

He drew Harry, the smith, in, and as he stood in full light among them, though his appearance was neither handsome nor dignified, his face and figure commanded attention. Below middle-height, the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of arms, and general appearance, showed unusual strength, evidently kept in vigor by exercise. His legs, slightly bowed, injured in very small degree the symmetry of his frame. His dress was of buff hide, and he wore in his belt a heavy broadsword and a dirk, as if to defend his purse, which (burgher fashion) was attached to the same cincture. His head was well-proportioned, round, close-cropped and



curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express bashful timidity, mingled with good-humor and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friend.

They were all well pleased with the visit of the smith; and as he saluted the lips of the fair maid, she yielded the courtesy with a smile, saying: "Let me hope I welcome back to Perth a repentant and amended man."

There was gloom and sullenness on the haughty, handsome features of Conachar, as he proceeded to spread the board and arrange the trenchers for supper; and it was not until Katie's eyes sought his for the second time that he condescended to veil his dissatisfaction, which was afterwards again deeply stirred, as Harry, in giving account of his travels and successes, spoke contemptuously of the, as he termed them, "beggarly Highlanders." In serving the ale, he refused to serve Harry, and on being compelled by his master, spilled it over him, which Harry resenting, Conachar made an effort to stab him in the neck with a short, sharp knife. At the sight of the blood, Katie fainted; upon being restored to consciousness she rebuked Harry for his love of strife, telling him "that his days were days of battle, and that, though one of the best-hearted of men, who would step aside to avoid crushing a worm, yet his pride in his strength and skill made him so ambitious, that his sword made as many orphans as his purse relieved."

"What," said Glover, "do you thus reproach my friend? Who ever heard of him abusing his strength and skill to do evil or forward oppression? And shouldst not thou, of all women, deem thyself honored that so true a heart and so strong an arm has termed himself thy bachelor? If he were a knight, he would be honored for these deeds, and it is just as honorable in him in his degree."

"Nay, father," said Catherine, "I acknowledge that Harry is a noble-minded, good, generous, though widely-mistaken man. His faults are those of this cruel, remorseless age—his virtues all his own."

"O Harry," she said, "abjure these sins of pride and anger, which so easily beset thee, and fling from thee the accursed weapon, to the fatal and murderous use of which thou art so easily tempted. Cease making these weapons, and form ploughshares and pruning-hooks."

Her father here interrupted her, and sent her to her chamber; then chided Harry for coming armed with weapons into her presence, knowing how much she disliked all fighting and bloodshed.

"Well, Master Glover," said Harry, "I did not intend to come until I had changed this warlike gear; but, coming to the church, I saw some dangerous-looking men watching Katie, and so I made bold to see you safe home."

"Yes, Harry, my boy, but thou art to blame for taking her talk so much to heart. I have seen thee bold enough with other wenches. Why not be bold with her?"

"Because, Father Glover," said Harry, "she is

different from other maidens; because she is not only more beautiful, but wiser, higher, holier, and seems, to me, as if she were made of better clay than we that approach her. In her presence I feel myself a coarse, ferocious creature. And I am afraid that Katie, having for her constant companion that handsome Conachar, may see that he is so much better-looking than I am, and may come to like him better."

"Nay, nay, my son, Father Clement and Katie take but a Christian interest in the lad. Trouble not thyself about that. And now, Harry, there is nothing more. Be thou at the lattice-window at the peep of dawn. Whistle, and I will manage Katie, that thou gettest first view of her, and so shalt thou be her Valentine for the year."

Early in the morning, with his coat-of-mail beneath his best clothing, well-armed, wearing next his heart a gift for Katie, of a small ruby, cut in the form of a heart, transfigured with a golden arrow, inclosed in a purse made of links of finest work, in steel, on the verge of which was written,

"Love's darts  
Cleave hearts  
Through mail shirts,"

he made his way in the darkness, loitering, lest he should get there too soon. As he was passing St. Ann's Chapel, he heard a voice, saying: "He lingers that has need to run."

"Who speaks?" he cried.

"No matter," came the answer. "Do thou make great speed, or thou wilt not make good speed. Bandy not words, but begone."

He ran to Curfew Street, but had not taken three steps towards Glover's before two men started towards him, to intercept his passage.

"Clear the way," said Harry, and tripping one and striking the other down with his whinger, he rushed to Glover's, keeping on the opposite side of the street.

Just as he reached the house, a man came across to him, and asked him: "What noise was that? And why did you not give the signal?"

"Villain!" said Harry, "you are discovered, and shall die the death."

As he spoke he dealt a powerful blow, which the man, raising his arm to intercept, received on his hand, and fell with a groan. Without noticing him farther, Harry rushed across the street upon a party of men engaged in placing a ladder against Katie's lattice-window. Not stopping to count numbers, crying aloud, he seized the ladder by the rounds, threw it, and the man on it, upon the ground, and putting his foot upon the man, prevented him regaining his feet. His accomplices struck fiercely at Harry, who repaid their blows with interest, shouting aloud, "Help! help! for bonnie St. Johnstown!"

The citizens soon came to the rescue; but all the men escaped, leaving a bloody hand upon the ground, with a sparkling ring upon it. The citizens decided to meet in the morning, and consider the attack.

Old man Glover took Harry right into Katie's

room. They found her upon her knees returning thanks for safety. Thrusting Harry forward, he said: "Heaven is best thanked, my daughter, by gratitude shown to our fellow-creatures. Harry is the instrument by whom God has rescued thee from death, or dishonor worse than death. Receive him, Catherine, as thy true Valentine."

"Not thus, father," said she. "I can see—speak to no one now. I am not ungrateful. Give me but a moment to don my kirtle. Harry, to-morrow we will meet, that I may assure you of my gratitude."

They retired from the room, and Harry sat up to watch, lest the attack should be renewed. As he sat in his chair, he murmured to himself, "*Good Harry*," "*Brave Harry*." Ah! but had she said, *dear Harry*. Musing thus on what she had said, he fell asleep.

When Katie awoke, her heart appreciated Harry's thoughtful attention; and though she could not be his wife, thinking she had not treated him kindly enough, she determined, though she hardly knew whether it was maidenly or not, to seek him for her Valentine. Finding him sleeping, she kissed him a light kiss upon his lips, which, awakening, he repaid many fold. Then she sat down and cried, and tried to explain. Her explanations only threw doubt into the mind of the faithful Harry that the father could hardly remove.

Harry being provided with a pair of gloves, to pay for the kiss taken, when Conachar had departed to his father in the Highlands, was alone with Katie, and persuaded her to take the gloves, and appealed to her to be his wife.

"I know, Katie," he said, "how much you love peace. Let me but know that you care for me, and that I am yours; it will do more to keep me from fighting than all the threatenings of the priest."

"Nay, Harry," she said, "I always have a sisterly interest in you. Let that stay your arm. There is no one I like better than you; but there seems a spell over me that will keep me from ever being any man's wife."

Just at this moment they were interrupted by a call for Harry to attend the meeting of the citizens, who had met to consider the attack of the night; the result of which meeting was a determination to send a delegation of the leading men of the town to speak to Sir Patrick Chasteris, the provost of their fair town.

Sir Patrick received them favorably, and nailing the dead hand—that had been left the night before—to the cross, to be claimed by its owner, promised to stand by them, whatever might come of it.

Robert Stewart was at this time king of Scotland. He was a man of too quiet a character to rule over these turbulent Scots. He had raised his son to the dukedom of Rothsay that he might be near the throne; but he received no aid from him, he being young, giddy and fond of pleasure, the country scandalised by his fugitive amours.

Having been contracted to the daughter of the Earl of Dunbar, to the mutual good-will of both young people, his Uncle Albany, a crafty, ambitious

politician, had persuaded his father to break off the match, and marry him to the proud, haughty and homely daughter of the Earl of Douglas, commonly called Black Douglas. Incensed at this sacrifice of his inclinations, he neglected his wife.

The king, receiving no aid from his son, was under dominion of ambitious priests and his unprincipled brother Albany, and afraid of Douglas. Like other weak men, he rested on the last one who advised him. Giving Albany power to confine his son, the priest power to persecute his people for heresy, and in a few days revoking all at the demand of Douglas.

At this time, Albany and Douglas were in the ascendant, and all other courtiers in the background.

Rothsay having kissed Louise, a singing girl, on purpose to annoy his father-in-law, found it necessary to protect her from his cruelty, and handed her over to Harry, who, by the aid of a priest, escaped with her by a secret side door from the monastery, where the king held his court, and by back and by-ways took her to his lodgings; and having delivered her to the care of his housekeeper, went to visit Katie.

But two gossips had seen him with this other woman, and, supposing her to be a light character, had carefully carried word to the glover's. So that when Harry arrived at the house, both Katie and her father refused to see him.

There had been a rising and dissension among the clans in the Highlands, and it was decided by the king in council that the best way to settle the matter would be to have fifty men from each of the principal clans, Chattan and Quhele, fight in presence of the king on Palm Sunday.

At the same council a commission had been given to inquire into heresy; and the king, instigated by Albany, insisted that Ramory should be dismissed from Rothsay's service, because he had carried out the attack on the house of the "*Fair Maid of Perth*."

The commission on heresy made it necessary that Father Clement should find some place away from the town; and relying upon her influence over Conachar, Katie had sent for him to escort the priest to a place of safety. Conachar, who was now chief of a small Highland clan, came with four followers, and while receiving him from Katie, took opportunity to make declaration of love to her. She gave him but little encouragement. But, after his departure, it gave her trouble. What with the threats of Ramory and Conachar, her path seemed filled with difficulty. Had she not better take the veil, and, under the shelter of convent, end all worry?

The man who had left his hand at the house of Simon Glover, was no other than Sir John Ramory. As Henbane Dwining, the doctor, dressed the wound, he stirred Sir John to revenge the loss of his hand on Harry, and the loss of his place in the household on the Duke of Rothsay, offering to give his aid in both revenges to satisfy a revenge of his own. So, taking with him Bothoron, one of Sir John's household, he went forth to murder the smith.

It so happened that, though this was a night spent in festivity, the smith, in no festive mood, remained

at home troubled, because of his disfavor with Katie. But he was not destined to remain alone. Late in the evening Oliver Proudfoot came running, knocked at the door, begged for admittance, saying "he was beset by villains." Harry received him very uncourteously, and dismissed him as soon as possible, refusing to go home with him; but, at his request, lent him the suit of armor he usually wore.

Oliver, having put on Harry's armor, started out, trying to imitate the walk and carriage of the smith, trolling catches of his songs. As he stepped out of the entrance of the wynd, he received a blow from behind, from a curtal axe, and fell dead on the spot.

About an hour after sunrise, as Allen Griffin was going to early mass, he came upon the dead body; and, as it had fallen on the face, everybody thought it was Harry Gows. No one moved the body till the bailie appeared, and all were loud in praise of his good qualities.

The news soon reached the house of Simon Glover. The old man at once started for the scene. As soon as Katie heard of the murder, she blamed it on Conachar; and, as she had brought him to town, thought she was the cause of it. So, with wild eyes and deadly-pale cheeks, hair all disheveled, and utterly unconscious of others, without knowing what she sought, she hurried forward to the spot, that the feelings of the preceding day would have induced her to avoid. She stood before the door of Harry's house, and knocked for admittance.

"Open—open, Harry," she cried. "Open, if you yet live. Open, if you would not find Catherine Glover dead upon the threshold."

Her lover, thus invoked, opened the door just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. She dropped into his arms. He carried his lovely burden, light as a feather, and more precious to him than gold, into the small bed-chamber, that had been his mother's, and summoned his old nurse, who was terribly surprised to see Katie, and thought she was dying. All the time the old lady was seeking to restore her to consciousness, Harry sat holding and kissing her hands.

The people having, during this time, discovered that it was Proudfoot, and not Harry Gows, who had been killed, were crowding his house, and calling for Harry. Katie, to whom consciousness had now returned, let her right hand fall on his shoulder, to detain him, and whispered: "Don't go, Harry. Stay with me. They will kill thee, these men of blood."

But the council having sent Simon Glover to fetch the smith, he was delighted to find his daughter submitting to the caresses of Harry, and took him away to the council-chamber.

Circumstances causing suspicion to be directed to Sir John Ramory's household, and feeling sure that the guilt would be denied, the council determined to ask of the king the ancient custom of "Bierright," and that all of Sir John's household should come to view the corpse, and take oath that he had no act or part in the murder—it being the popular belief that when the murderer touched the corpse, God would

make the body bleed. If any one refused to take the oath, he must appeal to combat, or be adjudged guilty. Sir Patrick Charteris and Harry Gows were chosen champions, if any called for trial by battle. The king ordered according to the decision of the council. So, after the ceremonies of "high mass" in the Church of St. John, the body of the murdered man, shrouded in the whitest of linen, that would manifest instantly the least flow of blood, was laid, with its hands joined together, fingers pointing upwards, as if appealing to Heaven for vengeance, and then the different members of Sir John's household swore: "By all created in seven days and nights; by Heaven; by hell; by his part in Paradise; by God, the author of all, he was free from the sackless and bloody deed." He then made the sign of the cross upon the body.

When Bothoron's turn came, he refused the ordeal, and claimed trial by combat. Harry Gows beat him in the Skimer's field, and he then confessed the murder, saying that he intended to have killed Harry Gows. And, having been suborned and promised deliverance by Dwining and Ramory, he confessed he was moved to do it by the Duke of Rothsay, because Harry had thrown him from the ladder at Katie Glover's; the result of which confession being carried to the king by Albany, the Duke of Rothsay was ordered into imprisonment, at the house of the Earl of Errol. Bothoron was taken to execution, but by connivance of the executioner, was not killed.

In the meantime persecution had commenced, and as Katie Glover had been a pupil of Father Clements, and had confessed her doubts to her priest, they pressed her to become a nun, threatening her, unless she did, they would proceed against her and her father for heresy. Making this known to her father as the cause of her apparent irresolution; telling him also of the threats of Ramory against him, because she would not listen to the wicked suit of the prince, and making acknowledgment that she loved Harry too well to bring him into danger, Katie and her father prepared to flee, being hurried by Sir Patrick Charteris, who came to tell them warrants were already issued for their arrest on charge of heresy. Glover went to the Highlands; Charteris took Katie under his care till he could send her to the protection of Marjory Douglas, at Falklands, he promising to let Harry know they were safe.

Glover reached the glen just as they were burying the old chief, with whom he was on terms of friendship, and Conachar was succeeding to the chieftainship. After the ceremonies, he was visited by Conachar, now called Hector, who talked with him of old times, and told of his love for Katie. He confessed that, naturally, he was a coward; but, that in the fight on Palm Sunday, if he had hopes that he might gain Katie, it would make him brave. The old man could give him no encouragement.

In Glover's hearing, he afterwards told his foster-father, who had brought him back to the tribe, that he was afraid he would act the coward. His foster-father arranged a plan to keep away the youngest

member of the Clan Chattan, by his love for his daughter Eva, so that Hector, the youngest of the tribe of Quhele, would not have to enter the fight.

The prince, tired of his confinement at Errol's, sent for Sir John Ramory to visit him, who, having received an offer of titles, lands and money from Albany if he will murder the prince, and studying revenge on the prince on his own personal matters, was glad of the invitation, and went with boat containing six trusty men and Dwining.

Having wrought on Rothsay's fears of Douglas, and having promised him that Katie would be at Falkland soon after they get there, they prevailed upon him to leave his confinement and go with them to Falkland. But, though free from constraint, on the voyage his spirits fail him, and passing a boat containing Louise, the song-maiden, she was transferred to their boat, and sang for them.

In the morning, when Katie arrived, to put herself under the protection of Marjory Douglas, she found the prince dressed as Marjory, and his attendants as her servants, and so he received her, but soon undeceived her, and again presented the wicked proposals, which she at once, with spirit, rejected, appealing to his knighthood and manliness. He was moved by her appeals, and dismissed her unharmed, and gave her Louise, the song-maiden, for attendant.

While at dinner, Ramory and the doctor gave the prince drugged wine, from the effects of which he was soon stupefied. They then carried him to his chamber, and in the morning gave out that he had an infectious disorder, and no one must see him but themselves. They placed him in a dungeon, with Bothoron for his jailor, who gave him nothing but a raw bull's head to eat, and left him to die of starvation.

Catherine and Louise, who had been together six days unmolested, but not allowed to leave the castle, preparing their food in their own room, Louise getting the articles from the pantry as they were needed. On the sixth day Louise returned from the garden with countenance as pale as ashes, and frame which trembled like an aspen leaf. Her terror instantly extended itself to Katie, who asked: "Is the Duke of Rothsay dead?"

"Worse; they are starving him alive," said Louise.

"Madness, woman!"

"No, no," said Louise, under breath. "Out of a small fissure in the castle walls, I heard the prince say distinctly, 'It cannot now last long,' and then his voice sank away into something like a prayer."

"Gracious Heaven!" said Katie. "Did you speak him?"

"Yes; I said, 'Is it you, my lord?' And he cried, 'Food, food! I die of famine.'"

They took the food they had prepared for themselves, and passed it through the chink of the wall to the prince, who prayed for a thousand blessings on Katie.

"I had destined thee to be the slave of my vices," he said; "and yet thou triest to be the preserver of my life. But away, save thyself."

That evening, clad in the milkwoman's cloak, Louise escaped to tell Douglas that his son-in-law was dying, treacherously famished, in Falkland Castle.

And Katie, not knowing what might befall her while Louise was away, gave her two locks of her hair, saying: "Louise, if you find me dead when you return, give this ring and a lock of my hair to my father, and say Katie died endeavoring to save the blood of Bruce; and give this other lock to Harry, and say I thought of him to the last; and if he judged Katie too scrupulous touching the blood of others, he will then know it was not because she valued her own."

Louise's escape was soon discovered, and Ramory sought to find from Katie where she had gone, and threatened to throw her from the battlements of the castle if she would not promise never to utter a word of what she had found out of their doings to the murdered prince. But while thus standing on the battlements, his men at arms forsook him, and delivered up the castle to Douglas; and Ramory, Bothoron and Dwining were hung over the battlements while their trial was in progress, "getting Jedboro justice." Dwining, before dying, giving Catherine the key to all the gold he had accumulated.

Harry Gows, while these matters were in progress, had simply heard that Catherine and her father had left for the Highlands; and having no particulars except that they had left word he was to stay in Perth, was jealous lest she had gone to Conachar, and afraid lest, for the safety of her father, she might consent to marry the Highland chief. Report was brought to him that the matter was settled, that if, in the fight on Palm Sunday, Hector should be successful, Katie would accept him.

Harry was in no enviable state of mind. While ranking from the wound this story had inflicted, one of Hector's clan came in to buy an armor for Hector, and offered Harry a high price for one that was shown; but the smith would only sell on condition that, after Palm Sunday, Hector should meet him in combat for three blows and a thrust. Harry thinking thereby to take vengeance on him for the loss of Katie.

On Palm Sunday the battle array was set in order between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele. There was general dissatisfaction when they found Chattan was one man short. But they would not agree that Hector should be left out of the fight. The Clan Chattan offered reward for any one who would fight in place of the missing man.

Harry, smarting with the wrongs he supposed he had received from Hector, was glad of the opportunity of fighting against him, and volunteered at once. All through the fight he sought out Hector; but Hector's foster-father and eight foster-brothers always surrounded him; and as fast as one was slain, the father cried, "Death for Hector!" and the sons answered back to the cry, till father and eight sons had given their lives for him. Then, when all had fallen, and Hector saw Harry seeking him, he turned



and ran, never stopping until he reached where Katie was staying, under the care of Marjory Douglas, six miles from Perth, and there dashed himself down a steep precipice into the river below, leaving the Clan Chattan masters of the field.

All now gathered round Harry, the hero of the field. Black Douglas offered to make a knight of him, which he declined, with thanks. Harry had had enough of fighting; and when he was cured of his wounds, the maid could appreciate his bravery, and having given Dwining's money to the four monasteries of the town, Harry and Catherine were married four months after the battle, amid the congratulations of all their friends. Ten months after a gallant infant filled the well-spread cradle, and was rocked by Louise, by the tune of:

"Bold and true,  
In bonnet blue."

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded as "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas; ane Honorabil and gude Knicht, Schir Patrick Charteris, of Kinfauns; and ane Gracious Princess, Majory Dowaire of His Serene Highness Robert Umpquhile Duke of Rothsay."

Under such patronage a family rises fast, and many families in Perthshire, and individuals distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the brave smith and the Fair Maid of Perth.

R. O. C.

### THE SEED.

"Bear grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other grain."—1 Cor., xv., 37.

**O** GOLDEN seed, whose pale, green leaves  
Show the first victory won,  
Tell us how long before e'en these  
Were lifted to the sun.  
Faint with thy struggle from the bands  
That held thee in so long;  
Tell us how evenly at first  
The fight for life seemed drawn.

For earth would claim thee, and would hold  
Thee to her cold, damp heart,  
Until of her dark mold once more  
Thou madest a little part.  
The winter came back stealthily  
With icy touch, at night.  
An unseen foe, beneath the ground—  
The mildew—came to blight.

Tell us how all the elements,  
That strove thy life to win,  
Assimilated unto it,  
At last have entered in.

Thy roots that groped so feebly once,  
White-fingered, now have grown  
To firm, strong hands that wreat aside  
Even the hard, cold stone.

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They take up nutriment to feed  
The bannered leaves that wave  
Triumphantly above the earth,  
That once had seemed thy grave.  
How, from the first, with leaf and ear,  
A song of victory grew;  
How grandly now the full notes swell,  
The wind-swept corn-field thro'.

Our soul in harmony is stirred,  
Swaying with tide of thought;  
How silently, O bannered field,  
Thy victory was wrought!  
O seed, dropped in the cold, damp earth,  
Thy energy be ours—  
Thy energy to overcome  
All seeming adverse powers.

We saw the corn's pale, trembling hands,  
Take in the sunlight's gold,  
And can't believe that God's best gifts  
Shall baffle Faith's strong hold.  
O field, how loud and glad thy notes  
Of triumph seem to me!  
And, Loving Heart, shall song of life  
Be set to minor key?

Catch quickly up the joyous notes,  
And drop life's plaint and fret;  
Sing thou, as those who hope to win  
A greater victory yet.  
O resurrected from the earth,  
O leaves, O full-grown ear—  
How God shall clothe us—with what power,  
It doth not YET appear!  
But seed, dropped downward, may we go  
Unto our "Rest" at last,  
With trust in Him who raised so soon  
"The bare grain" Faith had cast.  
ADELAIDE STOUT.

### THE CHILDREN'S GIFT.

**H**OMEWARD ran the happy children,  
Laughing through the shadows gray—  
Homeward from the flowery forest,  
Where they played the live-long day.  
Flowers were in their rosy fingers,  
Rosy faces shone in glee;  
Flowers that many a home would gladden—  
Fisher-homes beside the sea.

Came the children to the church-yard;  
Sang their songs to silence there,  
For they stood where slept the playmate  
Who was with them yesteryear.  
Then they twined their flowers together,  
Gazed and kissed them o'er and o'er,  
Laid them on the little headstone,  
Saying, "We can gather more."

MRS. JENEVERAH M. WINTON.

## THROUGH THE VALLEY.

DO you remember Victor Hugo's portrait of Mademoiselle Baptistine? "Her whole life, which had been a succession of pious works, had produced upon her a kind of transparent whiteness, and in growing old she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in maturity transparency, and this etherealness permitted gleams of the angel within. She was more a spirit than a virgin mortal. Her form was shadow-like, hardly enough body to convey the thought of sex—a little earth containing a spark—large eyes, always cast down; a pretext for a soul to remain on earth."

We often find a close resemblance in faces and characters, but never an exact likeness. The identity is nearly perfect in certain particulars; but differences enough are always apparent to show distinct individualities. When I met Mrs. Montour after a separation of twenty-five years, I was instantly reminded of Mademoiselle Baptistine. If I were to draw you her portrait with the exactness of a painter, you might not detect anything beyond the remotest likeness to the sister of M. Myrial. But, for all this, I never think of her without a suggestion of Mademoiselle Baptistine.

After a divergence of full twenty-five years, our paths through life bent towards each other, and touched again. She was fifty—widowed and childless. At twenty-five, when I last saw her, she was a young wife and mother, dwelling in sunshine. The world's promise was very fair. Among all my early friends, I do not remember one about whom were gathered so many external things out of which to build contentment and happiness. And she was one who enjoyed to the full measure.

I remember seeing her at an evening party in the days when her skies were brightest. She was handsome, and dressed for effect. Just a little vain of her face and person, she courted admiration, and it was yielded in full measure. Young and old paid the tribute she asked. What a picture of joyous, affluent life she was! What a sunny face she wore! What chords of music were in her tones! How queenly was her manner; yet with that gracious condescension which conciliates, and puts every one at ease.

"Do you always live in sunshine?" I said to her, in compliment of her joyousness—that word expresses the state in which her soul appeared to dwell.

"Is not the sunshine best?" she asked, as light went over her face. "Why should I gather shadows around me? Flowers grow in the sunshine—fruit ripens in the sunshine. I thank God for the blessings I have, and show my thankfulness by enjoyment."

She spoke almost lightly, I thought, and yet there was a manner that impressed me. When I say lightly, I do not mean with levity. There was nothing of levity about her. As she felt, so she expressed herself by outward signs, and in these was visible a heart that overflowed with happiness.

"All this cannot last," I found myself saying. "The days of our lives do not come and go in perpetual sunshine; nor do spring and summer always remain. Clouds and storms, autumn and winter, appear in their time; and who shall escape them?"

And I looked at her, as she moved away, leaning on the arm of a friend, and sighed faintly—sighed for the laughing eyes that must grow pensive, if not sad; and for the light of joy that must, in time, fade from about the musical lips. And my sigh was deeper, because of her entire confidence in the sunshine.

We parted soon after, and did not meet again, as I have said, for many years—so many, that we had become almost as strangers. I had heard of the clouding of her sky; of the rains which had fallen into her life; of the dreary winter that had followed so bright a summer; and she had received that passing throb of sympathy which hearts that have endured give spontaneously to the suffering.

I did not recognize at once the white, pure, transparent face that shone with the beauty of goodness, when I met my old friend, after twenty-five years of separation. It was no less striking than in life's sunny spring-time—no less expressive of internal states; but this was the difference: it was joyous when I saw it last; now it was tender and serene as the face of an angel—a half-transparent curtain, through which you saw the peaceful soul.

"Not Mrs. Montour?" I asked, doubtfully, as I took her hand.

"Yes." Simply yes, said calmly and with a smile that did not fade from her lips; a smile that lit her face from within like fire in the heart of an opal.

Have you ever thought about the different ways in which different persons affect you, simply by their presence; and before you have had an opportunity to form any just idea of their character? How one attracts and another repels? How one stirs in you the latent evil, and another the latent good? How tender and pious emotions are felt with one, and sterner and colder feelings with another? It is a common experience, and grounded in a law which, in the outer world, gives to the natural sense a perception of the quality of natural objects from the sphere, or odor, that surrounds them. Every natural body has a natural sphere, that gives token of its life and quality, and is perceived by the natural senses; so, likewise, has every spiritual body—every human soul, spiritually organized and clothed with spiritual substance—a spiritual sphere affecting our spiritual senses, and perceived by us with a distinctness that every one's experience can verify.

In meeting with Mrs. Montour, after our long separation, I was sensibly affected by this sphere of her quality. Around her there seemed to float a pure and tranquil atmosphere. All the better elements of my nature were in motion at the touch and penetration of her sphere.

"If I have heard aright," I said, answering to her simple "Yes," while I still held her thin hand, "If I have heard aright, your way in life has not

always been through green fields and beside still waters?"

"No,"—the smile did not fade from about her lips—"I have had rough as well as smooth places. My path has descended, going down almost into the valley and the shadow of death; and it has also 'Touched the shining hills of day.' God's ways are not as our ways."

"Not as our ways," she repeated, and as she did so, her face lighted with an expression of trust and hope, that made it beautiful.

Afterwards, I said to her—we had been talking familiarly of the past and of her life, when its springtime was so luxuriant: "Did you dwell long in the valley after your feet went down, and the darkness gathered above your head?"

She sighed, as memory touched this past experience.

"Not long in its deepest shadows and lowest places," she answered. "Why should I remain there? I had dwelt too long in sunshine, to be content with gloom and night. And so, when a true friend, sent of God, came, and taking me by the hand, said: 'Come, this is not the place where your soul should dwell. There are mountains beyond, bright with perpetual day. Your beloved ones are there. Do not linger here, in loneliness, in darkness, in self-tormenting sorrow, when you may be with them, and share their blessedness.' I arose, feebly and wearily, and tried to move onward. In other words, unclasped my idle hands, and forced myself to serve. Hitherto almost everything had lent itself to the service of my life. I had been taking, but rarely giving. Now, a new order was begun. If we are willing to serve, we shall not stand waiting long. I did not wait many days, after light broke upon my mind, and showed me the way leading out of the valley and shadow of death! Something died in me before I left the valley—died, and was buried there. It belonged to the old natural and selfish life. And something was born in me there—a new and higher life—born in me when I unclasped my idle hands, and looking up, said: 'Lord, show me the work, and give me the strength.' I found the work all around me, and the strength came. Even as I reached forth my hands, it seemed as though I could feel the bonds loosening that held my soul. There was a motion within me as though pent-up and burdening waters had found an outlet, and were flowing forth in quiet currents. Light came down into the valley through rifts in the cloudy canopy. My feet were in motion. The path, almost hidden, grew plain to my sight, and in due season, I passed through and came out on the other side."

"Better this—oh, a thousand times better," I answered, "than to sit bowed in the valley of grief and sorrow, a self-tormented complainer! You are not only happier yourself, but, through service, have made others happier."

"Through service," she said, "my own heart has been strengthened and comforted. I have given of my natural life, but God has, in return, bestowed

spiritual and eternal blessings. I know I am wiser than I was; and I trust, in His divine mercy, that I am better than I was, and so better to join the beloved ones who passed by the river of death into Heaven, a little while before me."

I could not keep my eyes from her face during our conversation. Its pale, pure tissues transmitted the light that was in her soul, and shone with a heavenly lustre. In her early life I had thought her very beautiful; but the beauty of her springtime faded before the higher beauty of her ripe and tranquil autumn.

Fair reader, just blossoming into spring, or ripening into summer, there is an autumn for you, as for all; and your feet, like the feet of every mortal, must go down into shadowy places. Take up into your thought the lesson of the life of my friend—dwell upon it; try to comprehend its full of significance. Even while she is walking the earth, she is entering Heaven, and dwelling in spirit with angels. When dark days come, do not sit down with idle hands; do not brood hopelessly over sorrows and troubles out of which spiritual life and spiritual joys may be born; but, like Mrs. Montour, unfold your closed arms, and look up, saying as she said, "Lord, show me the work and give me the strength." And, in doing His work of love, you will find angelic life, and grow into celestial beauty.

AN amusing story is related in connection with a well-known London daily paper. The two sub-editors engaged on the journal, in the course of conversation, one night, wondered what they should say in the event of the proprietor dying. They were taxed to know what sort of biography he should have. At length they resolved they would each prepare one, and compare their opinion on the following day. It appears that, after they came to the office next evening with their biographies, there was a wonderful coincidence in this respect, that each regarded him as a great "screw," a man who would take ten shillings' worth of work for sixpence if he could get it. Rejoicing in the harmony of the opinions they entertained respecting their employer, they adjourned to "dinner." Meanwhile, the proprietor accidentally called at the office, and, entering the sub-editors' room, saw the documents, which had been carelessly left on the desk: He read the accounts from beginning to end. On meeting the sub-editors afterwards, he said. "Well, gentlemen, I've read your estimates of my character, and I can only wish you would do your other work as well. The paper would be very much better than it is."

INATTENTION to little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration often results from a mere habit of carelessness; but, in its effect upon the happiness of a family, it is a most unfortunate habit. A few words of thanks, of appreciative recognition, are easily spoken, and such words are precious to the soul that hungers for them. They are highly prized, and not soon forgotten. Take notice of what is done for you.

## THE WORD OF A WOMAN; AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall.—ROBERT BROWNING.

"ONE—two—three—four!"  
Genevieve Weir counted each stroke of the French clock as it fell musically into the silence. It was curious, too, that the soft, silvery tones seemed to strike down on some secret place in heart, and leave an ache there—yes, a very decided ache.

She was all alone that afternoon, walking up and down the great drawing-room of her uncle's grand house on Madison Avenue. That was rather odd, too; but was susceptible of a very common-place explanation. Her aunt had gone to drive, and her cousins—gay, dashing girls—were at a matinee. They would have swept off in their train the "little country cousin," as they half-affectionately, half-patronizingly called Genevieve, if she had not plead very earnestly to be left behind that afternoon. So they had gone off, leaving her for a few hours as absolute mistress of the elegant home, as though she had been born into its gold and purple, instead of being only its wondering, half-dazed guest for the last two months.

The sunlight finds its way through lace and silken draperies, and seems to follow the slender figure lovingly as it moves up and down the great room; and groups of gleaming marble and dark bronzes gaze on her in still, immortal loveliness from their pedestals.

On the walls, too, the pictures watch silently. What colors burn, what visions glow on those charmed canvases! They have stories to tell of all lands, of all time, from gray desert and lonely pyramids to green meadows gay with sunlight, to the homely interior of some old New England farmhouse.

But the lovely marbles gaze, and the wonderful pictures glow in vain for Genevieve Weir this afternoon. Yet the solitary figure moving to and fro has a grace which holds its own amid the splendor. It seems a fitting presence there, as though even statues and pictures would miss something if that light, swift figure vanished from among them.

Dear me! It is no new story that hearts can ache under lofty roofs as under lowly ones. How many thousands in the huge, moiling city would have envied Genevieve Weir if they could have glanced inside the window and seen her the sole mistress of all that splendor.

Oh, beauty and mystery of art! Oh, light and glory of color that shone down upon her! Oh, divine grace of marbles and bronzes that gleamed about

her! All these were hers for that hour—they would be an uplifting and idealizing memory for all her future. Yet if any, envying her, could have looked down into her soul, could have seen what fate lay behind, what giants rose before, they would not have grudged Genevieve Weir her fair fortunes as she walked up and down the room when the clock struck four. Oh, no!

Two months ago—it seemed two years to her—she had come for the first time in her life to the city. Her father's half-brother had made a large fortune years ago—made it partly on Wall Street, partly in speculations outside. He had the business gift. He was one of those few men who seem, Midas-like, to turn everything they touch to gold.

Genevieve had not seen him since she was a child. After her father's death there had been almost no intercourse between the two families. She had never even met her aunt or her cousins until she came to New York. Her visit seemed to have fallen out by the purest accident. Some people from the city came down to pass the summer at the quiet little seaside town where Genevieve lived. They boarded within half a mile of her home—a little gray nest of a cottage with great, dim pine woods behind, and the mighty ocean in front. People in that retired place were neighborly, and before the summer was over the young folks in the party from the city had met and taken a decided liking to Genevieve. They must have carried back some glowing reports of the girl, for these had come to the ears of Genevieve's relatives. The result was, that she received a very kind letter, urging her to come to them for a couple of months.

Danae herself could not have been more amazed when the golden shower fell into her lap than was Genevieve Weir when that small missive floated into the gray nest of her home. It opened to her the golden gates of that great world about which she had been wondering and dreaming all her life, but which seemed as impassable to her as the gates of bright, many-peaked Olympus once seemed to mortals.

You see now how it happened that Genevieve Weir came to the city. It was like being suddenly swept off with a magic wand into fairy-land. For two months she had lived in a world of magnificence and luxury. It was one whirl of delightful novelty and excitement from morning to midnight. She had come at the height of the season, and she had been carried about to grand parties and picture-galleries, to matinees and operas, to choice little lunches and fashionable receptions. She had had drives in Central Park and on the stately avenues. And she had enjoyed all these things with the keen delight of youth and novelty.

At first, it must be owned, she had been a good deal oppressed by the unaccustomed splendor. She had stood in more or less awe of the stately aunt and the stylish cousins. But this wore off as she grew to know them better. It was a little wonder to herself—it was a great deal more to her kinsfolks—that this girl, brought up in that quiet, homely fashion, in an

\* Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1878, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



out-of-the-way little nook between woods and waters, should fall as naturally into the new ways and habits as though she were to the manner born.

Genevieve's relatives had been very kind to her in their thoughtless, good-natured way. They had given her some handsome dresses and soft laces, in which she felt gorgeous as a princess; and some lovely sets of jewelry—sapphires, and pearls and trinkets of various sorts—which they could well spare from their crowded jewel-caskets. They had taken a real pleasure, too, in seeing their dainty little kinswoman look pretty, and in showing her with every advantage of surroundings to their own gay world. The truth was, she had been a surprise to them. She was like a bird of lovely plumage, straight from the green woods, where it has built its nest and welcomed the sunrise with its song; she was like a flower that in deep woods has opened its heart only to the dews and the sunlight, but whose wild, native loveliness rivals the choicest bloom of garden or greenhouse.

So poor Genevieve had her cup filled to the brim. She was getting to the last of her sparkling drops now. Her uncle had suddenly taken it into his head to go abroad on business, and to take his family with him. They would make the "Grand Tour" before they returned. The great house would be left to silence and the servants, and Genevieve would go back to her old gray home by the sea; and her beautiful life in the city must seem like a dream, or as that wonderful evening at the palace seemed to Cinderella, when she stood among the pots and brooms the next morning—only, after that night, the world could never have seemed the same to poor Cinderella any more than her old home could seem the same to Genevieve Weir.

I wish I could make you see her just as the sunshine, and the statues, and the pictures saw her that afternoon, moving up and down the drawing-room. Oh, she was a pretty creature, just on the edge of twenty. Her skin was of the clearest olive-brown; and her eyes, too, were brown like nuts, and bright as clouds touched with sunset. Her mouth was red as the reddest of June roses, and there were pretty dimples at the corners. The features were finely and clearly moulded. At the first glance the bloom and sweetness would have struck you, but at the second you would have discerned lines of quiet strength and character. Hair of the darkest brown—flossy, silky—shaded the low, wide forehead and crowned the well-shaped head. One could easily see why they nicknamed her "Brownie" at home, when they wanted to be playful or affectionate.

So, the end of the beautiful times of the gay, luxurious life was at hand! Genevieve must go back to the old, dull home; to the weary round of lessons with her half-score of music-pupils; to the sight of Aunt Esther's faded, patient face; to Bob's fiery, boyish tempers, and to poor, little, spoiled Gracie's pets and whims. And her cousins would go their way, too—such a different one—full of ease and delight, of travel and sight-seeing. All the beauty and grandeur of nature; all the mystery and glory of art

would spread itself before their eyes! What did they know of daily cares, of wearing economies, of the hard, steady grip of poverty?

Poor Genevieve had known all these since her father died, ten years ago, and left her and her young brother and her younger sister with the drudgery of a home by the sea, and the few thousands which a life insurance company had paid over to his heirs.

But Genevieve Weir had not stayed at home this afternoon to wander through the grandeur, to grieve over the contrast between her own home and the one she was to leave—not she! No straightened fortunes of the past, no dreary outlook of the future had sent that thrill of disappointment through heart and soul, when the clock struck four. At the bottom of all that lay a secret which her lady-aunt and her gay cousins never dreamed of.

This secret was, that somebody whom she had met at the opera had inquired if she would be at home early in the afternoon, and had asked permission to call on her. He had asked this, too, in a low, hurried voice, which showed plainly the remark was intended for her alone, though her cousins, who had known the speaker much longer than Genevieve had, were close at hand.

She had thought of that promise all day, and even in the night, when she woke up suddenly and saw the great moon in state above the tops of the tall houses, and remembered how it was shining at that moment on the wide, white sea, and on the dark, solemn pines behind her home. She thought, too, of the promise when she put the white rose in her hair that day, at noon, and dressed herself in the soft, pearl silk, with the blush-rose trimmings, which her aunt had lately given her, and which, when she wore it the first time, made her look, her cousins said, wonderfully like a picture at Versailles, of a court beauty of the time of Louis XIV. All this sounded oddly enough in the ears of Genevieve Weir, fresh from the pine-woods and the sea. It might have turned her head a little, if it had been a less sensible one, and if—well, there were several mighty "ifs" in her fate which kept pretty flatteries from running away with her.

But the guest she had secretly expected had not come. Of course, there was some good reason for it. Through all her disappointment, Genevieve was sure of that. He was not one to break a promise lightly, and there was something in his tone and look which made her feel that the call was of consequence to him.

To herself she said, "What nonsense!" whenever she thought of it; and yet the soft rose-tints of her cheek would grow deeper by a shade.

You know now why it was that when the clock struck four, every soft chime sounded a good deal like a knell in the ears and down in the heart of poor Genevieve Weir. There was no use in expecting anybody now—no use in looking forward to a quiet interview with no watchful, curious eyes and ears to mark every word and look. If she met him again, it must be in the presence of others, who would have a

far better claim to the society of their guest than she—the acquaintance of a few weeks.

What with these thoughts—and a good many others of a like dismal complexion the five minutes which followed the striking of the clock was not very happy ones to Genevieve Weir. She kept on her walk up and down the room, too restless and disappointed to set about anything else. It seemed to her that her home had never looked so bare and pinched, or the future so dark and hopeless, as it did in that hour. The life of these last weeks had opened her eyes very clearly to the hardships and straits of her own lot. They had never seemed so cruel before. What had been the use of all this new pleasure if its only result was to teach her by its contrast the bitterness of her own lot? It seemed just then as though a cruel fate had brought her to her uncle's grand home only to send her back a little later sadder and wiser, to take up the heavy burdens, and fight the old, long battle with the wolf so near her door.

Genevieve suddenly stopped in her walk and stood still before a beautiful marble Venus of Milo. The tears shone in the girl's great brown eyes. The marble gazed down on her in cold, pitiless beauty. But if a mortal full of warm, human sympathies had stood in the place of that white loveliness, it is doubtful whether the girl would have broken the silence, which she did now in a voice that quivered with sadness as it said: "I begin to wonder, after all, whether it was best that I came to New York on this grand visit."

"But I cannot for an instant share your doubt on that subject, Miss Weir," said a voice at her side—a voice so pleasant, with such a manly ring in it, that you would have liked the speaker even before you looked at him.

With a little frightened cry, Genevieve turned around and faced the speaker. The soft, tea-rose skin was all alive with blushes; and the surprise and the confusion, and the very tears she had no time to dash aside, only made her look prettier than ever.

"Why, Mr. Darrow!" she could only falter in her amazed bewilderment. "How did you get here?"

"I sent up my card by the waiter, and walked into the drawing-room. Will you forgive me, Miss Weir, for most innocently playing eavesdropper?"

As the speaker said these words, he extended his hand; his tone and manner were admirably adapted to relieve the confusion of his young hostess; but his pleasant, gray eyes, while they smiled on her, had a curious, questioning look, which showed that the speech he had just overheard had surprised him.

"I have only myself to forgive if I can, Mr. Darrow," answered Genevieve, while the gloom cleared suddenly, and the sky of youth and hope shone bright over her soul. "I have a shocking habit of talking to myself when I am alone, and often say what I do not really mean."

It was a flimsy explanation at best; and Genevieve's auditor was the last man in the world to be easily hoodwinked. But he certainly was a gentleman, and had to accept her excuse without a word.

He led her to a chair, sat down near her, and—it was very strange—but in a few moments she felt quite as much at ease in the grand drawing-room with her elegant guest as she would have felt in her little parlor at home.

"I have called to ask a great favor of you, Miss Weir," said young Darrow, after a few moments of half-grave, half-gay talk had passed between the two.

"I am quite devoured with curiosity to know what it can be," she answered, with a smile that brought out all those pretty dimples lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"That you will take a drive with me in Central Park. The afternoon is perfect—just a golden gate through which the winter goes out and the spring enters in to possess the land. The horses are at the door. There was some stupid mistake about the span I ordered, or I should have been here an hour ago."

What a beaming face answered him! Could it be the same one which drooped before the marble a few minutes before? But words were not wanting, either.

"Thank you, Mr. Darrow," replied Genevieve, in her simple, straightforward fashion—a fashion which had a fresh, indescribable charm of its own. "Some gracious fairy must have inspired you, or you would never have thought of asking me to do anything which I should like quite so much."

If she had been a society-bred maiden, she might not have answered with such graceful frankness. She might, perhaps, have paused to think what her conventional aunt and cousins would say to her going to drive all alone with young Darrow.

But no such doubts and questionings entered Genevieve's mind. She just excused herself long enough to go up-stairs for her wrappings. She must have whisked them on in a great hurry, for she was down again in less than three minutes in the prettiest cloak and hat which had come from Paris that very winter, but which Maude, her elder cousin, fancying they did not suit her own pink-and-white complexion, had only worn twice, and then made over to Genevieve.

The dainty little hat, with its soft lace and gold-colored plume, was wonderfully becoming. At least that was what Royle Darrow thought as he handed the girl to the phaeton. He was a judge of such things. But there were plenty of girls he might have rode with that afternoon who had pretty faces, and who did not wear second-hand hats either, like poor Genevieve Weir.

Some women thought Royle Darrow was a handsome young fellow, some thought he was not; but all admitted that he was a striking one, and that he could never, under any circumstances, be other than a gentleman.

He was very young still—hardly twenty-five—as he sat that afternoon by Genevieve's side, while the span of handsome grays whirled the pair along the avenue and out on the Park drive. He was rather

tall and slender, with lightish hair and yellowish beard; his features were all of a clear, fine mould, and his large gray eyes full of young fire and mirth, but they had, at times, other expressions when the strong, manly soul gazed out of them.

What a drive that was to Genevieve Weir! All the sorrows that lay behind, all the carking griefs that were waiting before, veiled their dark faces, and slipped away noiseless as ghosts, and left her to the joyousness of the hour.

It was in the late winter afternoon, the very last of February. Every soiled bank of snow had disappeared. The sky was cloudless and blue as skies of May. The sunlight shone on the bare branches, and made the loveliest work with the varied tapestries of shrubs and evergreens. They brought back to Royl the delicate carving he had seen on friezes of mighty columns in Gothic temples. Every pulse of the soft, pure air seemed to thrill with a sense that the spring was at hand.

But, oh, what a color came into Genevieve's eyes, and cheeks, and lips! How she sparkled, and glowed, and talked at her own sweet will! How she was, without once dreaming it, more charming than she had ever been in her life before! How she felt glad enough and brave enough to meet anything the future might have in store! How eager and pleased as a child she was over every new view in the landscape, every new feature in the scenery! How the sweet face listened with still brightness as she drank in her companion's talk, describing all that Central Park would be among the robins and roses of another May; or telling her of other parks, older and grander, and glorious with historic statues and memories—parks amid which he had roamed and dreamed far across the sea.

Royl Darrow watched each change in his companion's face; each seemed to him lovelier than the last, and his feeling, at first almost against his will, grew softer and tenderer towards Genevieve.

He was almost frightened himself at the emotion which throbbed at his heart, and made his pulses leap, while that young girl sat by his side. He had known her such a little while; he had known so many other fair young girls, that he had secretly regarded himself as rather mail-proof to feminine charms; not that he would on any account have said this because he would have thought it savored of conceit. And if there was anything in this world that Royl Darrow despised, with all his high-strung, generous soul, it was a coxcomb.

He had met Genevieve for the first time at an evening reception at her uncle's house. Her face struck him amid all the fair faces surrounding it; and ever since it had haunted him with some sweet, subtle drawing and persuasiveness which no other face had ever done.

Young Darrow was on a tolerably intimate footing with Genevieve's relatives. He was sure of a welcome at the house; and he had met the girl there at parties and operas that winter. They had, in this way, been thrown a good deal together, and become

wonderfully well acquainted, considering the brief time they had known each other. But everything Genevieve said and did had an interest, a charm, which others lacked for Royl Darrow. He did not mean to fall in love, certainly; he was not ready to do so absurd a thing, he fancied, for several years to come. But the heart of the young man could no more resist the subtle, unconscious drawing of Genevieve Weir than the tides can resist the moon; than grass and daisies, asleep under the earth, can fail to stir when the sunshine and soft south winds are feeling about in the cold and dark after them.

In one way and another the young man had learned parts of the story of Genevieve's life. Indeed, he could hardly help doing this. She had made a sensation in the charmed circle which she had entered that winter, and people were curious, and gossiped about her. The girl herself was quite unconscious that her relatives, when they let any hints drop of her history, had managed to surround it with an atmosphere of interest and romance which something in her appearance and bearing well sustained.

All that Royl Darrow heard of Genevieve only whetted his interest and curiosity; and, what was more unaccountable, deepened the strange glow of warmth and gladness which came about his heart whenever he entered her presence.

That afternoon they drove round and round the Park, and far out on the Harlaam Road. The golden light lingered lovingly among the tree-tops, and died out so slowly and tenderly that one might have fancied the hard heart of the winter was sad at leaving the earth to the new reign of the spring, to the soft hands which would yet heal all the wounds and clothe the bareness which the cold and the storm had left behind them.

The two young people talked on, sometimes grave, sometimes gay; but, really, it seemed as though they must have known each other all their lives; and the young man, sitting there, whose life had been one of careless ease and good fortune from his birth, who, thus far, had been feasted on the cream and nested in the clover of this world; and the young girl, whose life had bloomed amid the shadows, whose years had been full of struggles and anxieties such as wear the heart and slowly waste the strength of hope, would have been glad if that hour could have lasted forever. Indeed, it would be impossible to tell which was the happier at that moment.

Well, why should I linger over it? It is only the old story of young love that I am to tell you now, with its sweetness, and mystery, and joy ineffable; that something which shall give the charm and sacredness to life so long as poets shall sing in it, so long as hearts of strong men and fair women shall beat and draw together. Neither Royl Darrow nor Genevieve Weir had the slightest prescience of what was to be when they started out on their drive that afternoon. It came upon both suddenly. But the solemn, supreme hour had struck, and the heart of the man and the woman must speak to the other.

It happened on this wise. As they were bowling

along in the early brown twilight, chatting brightly together, something flashed across Genevieve which brought a sudden shadow into her eyes, and dimmed the smile which had shone around those sweet lips for an hour.

Royl noticed the change. Not a ripple of expression had passed over her face during that drive without his being conscious of it.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Weir," he said, "but I am very curious to know what you are thinking about at this moment."

Despite himself there was a little ring of anxious tenderness in the speaker's voice.

Perhaps it was this tone which drew out Genevieve's answer almost before she was aware. "I was wondering, Mr. Darrow, whether this would be the last drive I should ever have in Central Park."

This speech struck young Darrow as so very odd, that, for the moment, he could only stare blankly at the girl who made it; then he said: "I do not at all understand you, Miss Weir. I can only say, for my part, that I hope this will not be your last drive in Central Park—your last with me." And again there rung through the closing words that little tender sound.

Genevieve must have felt it, for the rose-tint in her cheek deepened a tinge, but the shadow was in her face and in her voice still as she answered: "Oh, thank you! You are very good, to say that, Mr. Darrow. But I forgot to tell you that I am to leave the city day after to-morrow."

"To leave New York?" repeated Royl, and now there was a shadow on his face, too.

"Yes," she said, "it is quite time I should go home. Indeed, I have been away just twice as long as I intended, when I came here. New York is such a fascinating place, that I suppose one would always linger here until the last moment. But, of course, you have not heard that my uncle's family sail for Europe next week? It was a very sudden decision. Half their friends do not yet know of it."

"I certainly did not," answered Royl; and then he was silent, while they bowed along in the gathering twilight, and the full, round moon looked down suddenly on them through the leafless branches. Genevieve sat silent, too, looking at the bright, solemn face up in the sky. The ache and the darkness were coming back to her heart again. They must be going home now. The beautiful drive would soon be only a haunting memory, too.

As Genevieve thought this, they reached the Park-entrance. "No," shouted Royl to the driver, "turn back, and go round again."

Genevieve's words had sent a pang through his soul. She was going away, then. It seemed to him she would take all the light and joy with her. The one supreme, satisfying thing would be wanting for him in the great, gay city, when he missed that lovely face, the clear, soft tones of a voice sweetest in the world to him. A longing, mighty in its strength and tenderness for this girl—a feeling that life would be worth nothing without her, its chiefest good, its central joy shook the soul of Royl Darrow.

When a man feels in that way, he will be likely to speak.

"Miss Weir," said Royl, turning suddenly and facing his companion, "when you said, just now, you were about to leave New York, you told me the worst news I ever heard in my life."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Darrow," faltered Genevieve, and the rose-pink in her cheek rose suddenly into scarlet; for, if the tones might, perhaps, mean little, the words meant a great deal.

"I am not surprised at that," answered Royl, and his eyes, looking now on Genevieve, held something in them which a man's can only hold for the woman who is all the world to him. "I did not understand it, myself, Miss Weir, until this moment; but it is none the less true." He stopped then a moment, as though his thoughts or his feelings crowded and struggled too mightily for words; but his eyes—his eyes, with the flame in them—did not leave her face.

"What is true, Mr. Darrow?" gasped Genevieve, and she trembled all over, but whether from fright or joy, she could not have told.

"It is true that I cannot have you go away from me!" burst out Royl in such passionate strength and tenderness, that it seemed they must carry all the world before them. "I want you always near me—want you where I can see your beautiful face—the loveliest God ever made, and have your clear voice at my side! I may seem very rash, presumptuous—everything that I would not seem to you, Miss Weir; but I must tell you what God knows is true—that I love you, as I never have loved, as I never can love any other woman!"

She tried to answer him, and then she burst right into tears—poor, frightened, happy Genevieve Weir!

"What a brute I must be, for distressing you so!" exclaimed Royl, in a voice full of remorseless tenderness.

Then he heard Genevieve's fluttered voice, saying: "Do forgive me! I am very foolish, but I can't help crying, though I am—glad!"

He bent his handsome head down close to hers then. "I shall be quite content with one little word," he said. "If you will once call me 'Royl,' I shall know what that means—that you take me—that you give yourself to me!"

He bowed his head a little nearer; he waited with stilled breath. In a moment soft and clear and solemn the word floated to his ear.

"Royl!"

"Genevieve!"

There was no need of vows after that, the young, pure souls had made their covenant with each other—with God. They were silent for a good while afterward. Into that delicious joy, that new, beautiful certainty of mutual love, no speech, though it were the tenderest and sweetest, could enter. But there were no more flutterings of heart or pulse. A wave of ineffable calm had rolled over both of the young souls. Royl felt that he had passed, in a moment, from his careless, joyous youth, into a strong, brave



manhood—a manhood ready to dare and do anything for the sake of the sweet woman who sat by his side. He had passed out of the narrowness of self into another. His soul awoke with new life and glowed with new emotions, purposes, hopes. His future opened into new vistas, arched itself into something loftier and grander than he had ever dreamed before. He felt more and humbler than he had ever felt in his life—the life that held in it now something more and dearer than himself.

I suppose all natures love after their kind. Whatever faults he had, there must have been much that was fine and noble in Royl Darrow, or he would not have been so possessed and uplifted even by this hour.

And Genevieve Weir, sitting by his side, was conscious of nothing but her supreme, unutterable bliss of the moment.

Royl Darrow and she belonged to each other. In that one amazing, blessed truth everything else seemed swallowed up. What were her troubles now—the cares and sorrows that had darkened so heavily over her youth? Why she could have shaken her small right hand with a defiant, happy laugh at the world.

Yet, the most amazing part of it all was, that now it did not seem strange at all, only just the right and best thing that they two should love each other, as though God, far above the white moon and the watching stars that one by one were unveiling their sweet faces in the sky, must have meant it from the beginning.

But when she gazed at the graceful young lover by her side, Genevieve could not help wondering how he, who had been accustomed all his life to the society of young and beautiful women, could have chosen her out of her quiet life and her lowly home to be to him something all those gracious and lovely women could never be. In the midst of its young pride and joy, her heart was not lifted up with conceit or vanity. How should she ever thank God, she thought, for this great gift He had sent her?

Perhaps it was all these thoughts which made Genevieve's voice break the silence first.

"There are some things you do not know—that I ought to tell you—things about myself."

Royl sought the little hand under the buffalo-robe, and covered it with his own.

"Tell me anything you want to, my darling," he said.

"Then I shall have to tell you first," continued the girl, with a little touch of pride in her voice, "that we are as poor as it is possible for people to be, and that my life has been altogether such a different one from yours that I suppose you can hardly imagine anything about it."

"My poor little Genevieve," replied Royl, in a half-remonstrant, half-tender voice, "do you suppose I am such a poltroon as to have that make any difference with me?"

"No; you are too good and noble for that. But it would make a difference with many people; and

after what we have said to each other, you ought to know—it is your right, and my duty to tell you."

"Well, dear," and he smiled on her with eyes and lips, a glint of his native mirth shining through all the tenderness, "then do your duty; only be sure I do not say that for my sake, only to quiet your sensitive conscience. Ah, Genevieve, what am I that I should be its keeper!"

These last words broke from Royl in a tone of remorse. In the humility that is born of a true love, the brave youth who had always held himself to courage, and truth, and honor, stood accused and convicted before his own soul. He could hold up his head in the presence of men and women, but here was one, the purest and best, of whom he was not worthy.

"You are the grandest man in the world!" said Genevieve, and her beautiful eyes turned all their pride and tenderness on Royl Darrow.

Little as he felt at that moment that he deserved it, the praise was very sweet from those lips.

Afterwards, Genevieve told her story. No man, if he had a heart—even if he had not been in love—could listen to it unmoved—the story of the young orphaned family left alone, and almost helpless, to fight the hard battle of life; the straits and shifts to keep a roof over their heads and soul and body together. Genevieve, as the eldest sister, had had to bear the brunt of things. She tried to touch as lightly as possible on her own share in the family sorrows; but the simple pathos of that young, lovely figure in the midst of the wrecked family fortunes, must have forced itself upon the dullest imagination.

Genevieve made her story as brief as possible; but when it was finished, Royl knew all about the little nest of a home between the whispering pine-woods and the many-voiced sea; knew all about the young brother and sister, and the kindly, faded aunt who had tried to be a mother to her half-sister's young brood.

And from such a home as this, the elegant Royl Darrow was one day to take his bride.

Once, while Genevieve was talking, the thought of the proud, fastidious, old uncle, who had adopted him, and doated on him, and made him his heir, flashed across Royl—only once; the rest of the time he drank in with ear, and eye, and heart all that the girl was saying. It only made her fairer and dearer in his eyes.

"How could such a lovely creature have bloomed," he wondered, "in such a soil, among such shadows! But nature always did her work thoroughly, whether it was in the making of a rose or a woman. Cities and courts could add no gloss and no grace to the perfection of Genevieve Weir."

If this reasoning was due in part to a lover's partiality, the facts, it must be admitted, went far to sustain Royl's opinion. How he longed to take Genevieve at once out of her narrow, cramped life, and set her in the ease and luxury of his own! How his heart glowed with a sense of protecting tenderness as he thought of the time when he could take this fair creature to his home and shield her from

every harsh wind of life, and surround her with every comfort and grace her youth had so far missed.

All this, and a great deal more, he said to Genevieve—said it, she thought, in the most beautiful, eloquent words which man had ever addressed to woman!

In return, he told her something about his own life, and the careless, joyous story struck Royl for the first time—it was such a contrast to poor Genevieve's.

He had never had a sorrow in his life worth the naming; for, though he had lost his parents in his infancy, his doting uncle had lavished on the boy whatever love and wealth could supply. After he had graduated at home, Royl had gone abroad for a couple of years' travel and study, and a few weeks after his return he met Genevieve for the first time. So, his story ended, like a summer's day, fair and cloudless, from beginning to end. But the lovers' talk and the bowling around Central Park, under that yellow moon and the happy gathering stars, could not go on forever. In all their lives the two would never look up through leafless branches to the full, stately moon without that night, with its young hope and joy, coming back to them—never, though the gallant youth lived to be a bowed, old man, and the fair girl a snowy-haired, wrinkled woman.

Sometimes, it is true, a thought came across Genevieve of her aunt and her cousins, and of what they would say if they knew with whom she was out driving in the twilight. But the thought hardly troubled her. Nothing, it seemed, could do that any more. The new love made her calm and strong to her heart of hearts that night.

But, at last, the phaeton turned out of the Park and rolled down the avenue with the tall street-lamps flaring on either side. On the door-step of her uncle's house Royl was obliged to leave Genevieve, with his first soft kiss on her forehead and his tender farewells in her ear.

Once inside, she heard the voices of company in the drawing-room, and made her way unobserved, to her own chamber.

A few moments later there came a summons for Genevieve. She learned from the maid who brought it that her cousins had just returned.

Nobody, evidently, suspected that she had been out of the house. For an instant she resolved to say nothing about her drive; but she was of a simple, truthful nature, and concealment did not strike her fine sense of honor pleasantly. She made up her mind to seize the first opportunity to say, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, that Royl Darrow had called to take her out to drive in the Park that afternoon.

So much, and no more, her relatives seemed to have a right to know. Then she went down-stairs.

*(To be continued.)*

CONSIDER how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.

## THE STATUE OF LIFE.

### A WINTER SERMON.

ALL life is not full of color or sound. There are some lives quiet, tranquil, unnoticed, moving on, day after day, in the same slow current, and gliding, without perceptible change, to the end. Those who are not married, or whose marriages have been unhappy, or whose dearest have departed from them into the spiritual life, the old, the sick, the plain and insignificant, whose part in the orchestra of life is "that sweet, but overlooked instrument, the second fiddler." All these have but little to contribute towards the vivacity, splendor and freshness of life. They are not the picturesque, but the statuesque, side of existence. But none the less is their work needed, not only for the uses, but the lovely perfecting of the world's great whole.

There is an art that is silent and colorless. The working out of the lines of grace, the thought which is to be expressed in form alone, is very slow. The fine subtleties of expression, the delicacies of execution, are reached through patient, persistent study and work. The chiseling, smoothing, bending the outlines of the design to suit the grain and block of the stubborn marble, requires care and time, and deft, patient, sure fingers and loving brain, before the image of beauty rises up complete and lovely.

"Lord, let each line and curve of mine  
But grow in outline to Thy will;  
My life a thought divine that stands  
In perfect form, serene and still."

We are to be made anew "in His image." Day by day the almost unconscious thoughts do their work on movement, face and character. Hard and angular, or soft and flowing curves form the daily outlines of the work of hands and brains, and minute after minute refines or coarsens the delicate imprint of the first years. The little courtesies of life—those sweet and gracious forms—sometimes change the whole movement of the day for us by their momentary sense of completeness and love. The accuracy of our daily work, its wholeness, clearness, honestly wrought out in every detail, gives our days beautiful outlines.

"In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
For the gods see everywhere."

Especially are we being formed aright, if we are true—true in our thoughts, not indulging idle fancies, repinings which we know to be unfounded, false visions of some worldly advantage—true in our hearts to those nearest us, of our own household, and to the little and near pleasures and duties of our home—true in our words to the law of kindness and of sincerity. Half of the flavor and odor of social intercourse is lost because people are not true to their real likings and choice, to the thoughts born of their own occupations. The sweetness of the first half-

formed baby phrase lies in this, that it is the child's own, and not an imitation.

The people who are most fondly loved are those in whom you have seen the true form and features of the individual soul—your own—and not like every one else. How much we lose and mar by our smallest treason, we never can know until we have entered the light of truth which makes the fair still fairer by revealing right proportion and form.

The world itself enters the region of outline and image in winter, when we see the delicate tracery of bough and twig against the sunset sky, and the smooth, white outlines of hill, and slope, and meadow under the snow. In the quiet waiting and patience, the roots of roses, the seed of grasses and bulbs of lilies, all covered warm from harm or injury, like the capacities for joy in the tender and still lives of men and women.

"And they call her cold? Heaven knows,

Underneath the winter snows

The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blooming;

And the lives that look so cold,

If their story could be told,

Would seem cast in gentler mould,

Would seem full of life and spring."

ELLA F. MOSBY.

## TRICKS IN THE WINE TRADE.

**A**MONGST articles of daily consumption in this and other countries, perhaps none is more adulterated than wine; and although the attention of the public has been from time to time directed to the evil, the evil seems to continue unabated.

Hamburg has long enjoyed a notoriety for the manufacture of sherry—a merely fictitious article, in which no real sherry has any existence, but which, imported to England, passes muster as genuine wine. Latterly, to the discredit of France, false wines have been largely fabricated and vended in that country; for it is as easy, if not easier, to imitate French wines as the wines of Spain or Portugal. It is well known to persons in France, that Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, bears a bad name as having been the first to set the evil example of a systematic adulteration of French wines, white and red. Lorraine, Alsace and Luxembourg are notoriously the seat of a very extensive manufacture of spurious wines, some of which owe nothing whatever to the vine. Imitations of the most renowned brands of champagne, such as Rœderer or Clicquot, are here concocted from rhubarb-juice and carbonic acid, made cheap and sold dear. Light clarets, strong St. Georges, Macon and the rough Red Roussillon, can be turned out to suit all tastes, merely by re-fermenting squeezed rape-husks that have already done duty, in company with the coarse sugar extracted from potatoes. Various coloring matters are added, such as caramel, cochineal and the more formidable fuchsine, and the highly-tinted compound is ready for the market.

Narbonne, nestling amidst her vineyards, is not much behind northern Nancy in audacious falsifica-

tion of the strong natural wines that form the staple of her trade. It has long been the custom with these south of France wine-growers, to press the grapes a second time with the addition of some water, and to brew a light, thin, vinous liquor, which was doled out in rations to the farm-servants, or sold at an exceedingly low rate. It has lately occurred to them that this second-hand commodity, dosed with tartaric acid, thickened with treacle, and artificially colored, would pass muster with heedless consumers as good *ordinaire*; and as good *ordinaire*, or Wine of the Plains, it is accordingly vended. First-class and even second-class wines, it is well to bear in mind, are invariably the vintage of some hill-side or mountain slope, but even the low-lying vineyards of a wine-growing country yield a growth which has deservedly a good name with buyers of moderate means. This good name, unfortunately, the land-owners and *métayers* of Southern France seem resolved to throw away, in their hurry to be rich.

What most perturbs, not merely the doctors and scientific men of France, but the French government as well, is the deleterious character of the coloring matters employed in palming off mock or inferior wines on the unwary public. The syndicate of Narbonne have formally complained to the Minister of Agriculture that Portuguese, Italian and Spanish wines, all colored by elderberries, enter freely into France. But the growers of the Narbonne district have themselves learned to make liberal use of the elderberry and other ingredients less innocuous. Fuchsine, which is extracted from coal-tar, and of which immense quantities are employed, is the agent in the worst repute; but it imparts a fine ruby-red, and is therefore in high favor. Fuchsine, which is prepared by adding arsenical acid to aniline, is admitted on all hands to be poisonous, although the authorities have as yet hesitated to take vigorous action with regard to its abuse.

There are other coloring principles less dangerous than fuchsine, but still injurious to health, which are in daily requisition for the manipulation of wines. There is caramel, an extract of mallow; pink althæa; Mexican cochineal; rosoline, derived from tar; colerine, and many a fantastically-named essence, sometimes of vegetable, sometimes of mineral, or even animal origin. The ammoniacal cochineal, which gives so brilliant a dye to the scarlet cloth of an officer's uniform, is decidedly inappropriate as an adjunct to wine. Each ounce of cochineal, it should be known, represents several thousands of cochineal insects boiled down to a pulp, and was once excessively dear. It is cheaper now; and in the July of last year, a single grocer of Narbonne sold ten thousand francs' worth of this scarlet color to wine-growers of the village of Odeïllan alone, for the artificial tinting of poor and pale wines.

M. Paul Massot, who in the French Assembly represents the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, has taken the leading part in a sort of crusade for the repression of the new frauds in the wine manufacture, and has been able to lay before the government a

mass of authentic evidence on the subject. It was proved, for instance, by careful analysis, that a quart of one especial kind of wine, reddened by elderberry juice, contained no less than half an ounce of alum. It was proved, also, that the red extract of coal-tar, known as grenate, and formerly flung away as refuse, now commands a high price as an ingredient in the composition of that fuchsine which is now tossed by the hundred-weight into wine-vats.

The best and readiest means of detecting the presence of artificial coloring in wines we owe to the ingenuity of M. Didelot, a chemist in Nancy. A tiny ball of gun-cotton supplies us with the necessary test. Dip it in a glass of the suspected wine, then wash it, and it will resume its whiteness if the wine be pure; if not, it will retain the ruddy color due to the treacherous fuchsine. The addition of a few drops of ammonia gives us a violet or a greenish hue when vegetable matter have been made use of to impart the desired color.

Other and more elaborate tests on a larger scale have been devised; and with the aid of acids and ethers of peroxide of manganese, and notably of chloroform, the tricks of the wine-forgers have been completely exposed. Even benzine forms, with fuchsine and its fellows, a red jelly that swims on the surface of the discolored liquor, and by skillfully-conducted processes, a precipitate, varying in color, can, in every instance, be obtained. Government and the public have now taken alarm, and it may be hoped that before long the adulteration, by means of fuchsine, at all events, will be effectually checked. It must be remembered that growers and dealers were probably, in the first instance, quite unaware of the dangerous nature of the convenient drug which gave so tempting an appearance to their stock in trade; but publicity, and the recent seizures of falsified wines which have taken place at Paris, Nancy and Perpignan, may probably serve to enlighten them upon the subject.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**A TRUE LADY.**—Beauty and style are not the purest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Be her face ever so plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity, by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

**MONEY** in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head adorn you; but both in your necessity will serve you.

### WIDOW ROBINSON'S MATCH-MAKING.

**"I**LL be just the best thing that could happen! Just the very best! And I do hope matters will take that shape—after a suitable time, of course. I'd be the last one to hurry another woman into poor Lovina's place. Dear, dear! it seems cruel in me to be thinking of such a thing! Such friends as we were, too—almost like sisters for years. But it does seem, too, as though there is a rigid necessity for some competent woman's taking the care and management of that poor family. Teenie is smart and willing, and does wonderfully for a girl of her age; but, my! what can a child of thirteen do with a houseful of boys and a six-months-old baby! As for hiring a housekeeper, that is out of the question with a man of Vincent's means; it would ruin him in a year's time. Well, I must do all I can for him; and I guess the best thing I can do will be to try my hand at match-making, and work up a match between him and Isabel Wales. She is just the woman for him—good-disposed, industrious and economical, used to children all her life—half brought up her sister's whole family—and I'm sure she'd have him in a minute, if he'd ask her—as why shouldn't she? There ain't many likelier men in these parts, either in looks or character, than Vincent Gould; and the children, though there's a good many of them, are well-behaved and easy to manage."

This was one of Widow Robinson's monologues, a style of conversation to which she was addicted, partly because she was alone a good deal, and partly because she was slightly deaf, so that thinking aloud with her was not much more than merely thinking with those whose sense of hearing still serve them.

I know it is a little irregular, and, perhaps, to some, it may seem an outrage upon nature, to represent a widow as scheming for the marriage of another woman. "Why not set her to angling for 'poor Lovina's place' herself?" they say; "for that is just what she would do, of course. Widows are always on the alert to catch a husband, either suitable or not; this everybody knows."

Don't be too sweeping, kind friends. There are exceptions to all general rules, remember, and I happen to know several—yes, I am safe in saying several—of the class who are not in the least anxious to change their condition in life; and who are really in sober earnest when they declare they would not marry "the best man living"—and to this exceptional class belongs my friend, the little Widow Robinson. *She* marry, indeed! she would say. What an idea! An old woman like her! (Reader, she was forty-five or fifty and would laugh and romp like a girl, upon occasion). What did she want of a husband? She, an old woman with a grown-up boy! Wasn't he enough to make and mend and cook and wash for? If not, she had her strawberries and grapes to cultivate and train, and among them all, she considered she had quite enough to do without a husband to look after.

Now, please, don't go to the other extreme, and imagine from this that she was a man-hater, for she



was nothing of the kind; neither does she go about clad in triple steel, fancying every man who is civil and friendly to her has matrimonial designs upon her. Indeed, I venture to say that, except when some one joked her about it, the question of marriage never entered her mind at all. In truth, I could think of no more incompetent party to fill the office of village match-maker in the whole circle of my acquaintance, and for this reason: In all the trades and professions, a certain amount of theoretical knowledge and practical experience seems necessary before much real success can be reached; and so I say, for a woman like Widow Robinson, who for the last twenty years or more has given her whole mind to the earning of an honest living for herself and boy, to serving her God and helping her neighbor, and all without meddling or making in love affairs in the least, for her to think to manipulate the delicate and intricate machinery of match-making, was—well, it was but another instance, added to the many, of the overestimate which we are all liable to place upon our talents and abilities.

She did do remarkably well, however, for an amateur, her chief mistakes arising from over-anxiety, and a disposition to push matters; for she was a terribly energetic little woman, and whenever she undertook a thing, she wrought at it with all her might, until either success or failure met her efforts.

It was owing partly to this latter trait in her character, but chiefly to the necessities of the case, and not in the least to carelessness for the memory of "poor Lovina," that she began her operations rather sooner than the "suitable time" she had first fixed in her mind to do so.

"I know there's new comfortables to be quilted before winter," she told herself in one of her monologues; "the materials are all in the house, ready; and then there's the children's winter clothes to be made, and mended, and got ready, and nobody to stir about it all till the time comes that they are needed, unless I see to having them done; and I've more than my hands full, with my strawberry-beds to reset and mulch, and other out-door work to do, and Charlie away in the city all the time. I must set things moving at once."

And so she did that very afternoon; and her first move was like firing a shell into the camp of a sleeping foe. Poor Vincent was first stunned, and then electrified, by the quantity and variety of indispensable work that she brought up before his mental vision. Quilting, making, mending, knitting, darning, pickling, canning, preserving, drying, etc., etc. It took his breath away. Of course they had to be done. They always had been done, he knew, while his wife lived—and creditably, too; but, like most men, he had very vague ideas as to the when and how, how much time it took, or how much it was worth to do them. He had always provided whatever he was asked for, with which to do them all, thinking, in the innocence of his heart, that when that was done there remained but very little more to be done, anyhow.

"To be sure! Yes! I must see to it right away!" he said, as soon as he recovered breath enough. "Teenie, of course, can't be expected to do all that her mother used to do."

He wondered who he should get to attend to it. Couldn't she, Mrs. Robinson? She lived so convenient, and knew all Lovina's ways of doing better than anybody else. He'd willingly pay her double, if she'd only take the whole matter off his hands, and do it just as if it was for herself.

She felt a little guilty when she saw how worried he was; but reassuring herself with the reflection that she was performing the physician's part, wounding to cure, she answered that she hadn't much tact in fixing up children's clothes, never having had but one to make for; and, besides, her eyesight was getting poor, so that it troubled her to sew evenings; and various other excuses she made, feeling at the same time as though perhaps she were exaggerating some of her disabilities a little. "But then," she added, "there's Isabel Wales, now; she's just the one to call on. She's handy about everything, and quick with the needle, and saving, too; and there's nothing in the world to hinder her taking right hold; and you'd better go up and see her about it at once."

Vincent hinted that it would suit him much better if she would go for him; she would know so much better how to talk; but she flatly refused, saying that it would be more satisfactory to both parties, Isabel especially, if he went himself and made his own bargains; then she'd know who she was working for. "Have her come right here," she said; "it will save running back and forth, and she can get along faster with her work, and be a help to Teenie besides."

But, no, Vincent wouldn't agree to that arrangement, he said. Teenie was a famous little mother, and they got along nicely; and they didn't want a partial stranger to break in upon their cozy family circle; so the widow was fain to be contented with a partial success in her opening manoeuvre.

It didn't matter much, she said to herself as she wended her way homeward; maybe it was best so. She could manage matters now, she'd venture. All she wanted was a good excuse for bringing them together often, and now she had that. She'd made a start, certainly. And she made good use of her opportunities, we may be sure. From deciding upon the material for Johnny's Sunday suit, to the toeing out of baby's stocking, no excuse was too trivial for calling a consultation; until Vincent Gould came to regard his lamented wife as the exceptional woman of the country almost, inasmuch as she had been able to settle all those momentous questions with her own unaided judgment, never so much as hinting to him or anybody else, so far as he was aware, that other advice was needed.

But with all her trouble and fussing, the little widow grew dissatisfied after awhile with the progress of affairs. She had taken upon herself the office of prompter for both parties, but she did it in the expectation that each would catch their cue in a short time, and be able to go on without her aid,

whereas, it began to appear as though she would have to continue in the office, no one could tell how long; and she was getting a little tired of it. If Isabel were the least bit of a schemer, she said, the matter might be settled in just no time; but she wasn't, and wouldn't try to be. She respected her the more for that, of course; but then, her not being so, only made it all the harder for her. She was no schemer, either, naturally; but she fancied she had a little gumption. Anyhow, she had done nothing much for the last two months but scheme and plan to get those two together; and here they were, no nearer marrying, as she could see, than they were at first. What was worse, the work was giving out, or would be soon, and she hadn't the conscience to propose any needless expenditures, even though her project should fail for the want of them. She must cast about her for other means, or else, perhaps, she had better wait awhile, and trust to Providence to throw something in her way.

Now, whether Mrs. Robinson went to the length that some do—believing, for instance, that an overruling Power orders every individual event, from the bursting of a lamp to the burning of a theatre or the breaking down of a railroad-bridge; or whether she really hoped that the same high Power would interfere in some striking manner, to help her along in her match-making operations, I cannot say positively, though I should be slow to believe it of one with her usually sound sense; but, whether her belief did go to such absurd lengths or not, she had a firm and unhesitating trust in the truth of the proverb, that "Providence helps those who help themselves;" and so, knowing, as she did, how much she had done, and how willing and anxious she was to do more, it is, on second thought, just possible that she did mean all she said, when she decided to wait a little, and trust to Providence. She had not long to wait, either, for one cold night, just before bed-time, a few weeks after—and that's not long, in these hurrying times—little Johnny Gould came bursting in without knocking, forgetting his manners in his fright and trouble, and sobbed out that baby was awful sick; papa was afraid he'd got the croup, and was going to die, and wouldn't she please hurry, and come and doctor him well, right away.

"How Providential!" was her first thought, as she made rapid preparations to comply with Johnny's request; but, at the same time, there flitted through her mind grave doubts as to whether baby's sudden attack might not be due rather to the neglect or inexperience of poor little overburdened Teenie, than to a kind Providence, who has equal care for all his children. But, whichever it might be, she determined to make as much out of it as possible, so she said to the impatient Johnny, as she took down her door-key and put out her light: "Now, dear, you run right on and get Isabel Wales to come over. It isn't far, and she'll come right back with you; and she'll know just what to do a great deal better than I—better than half the doctors."

"I've sent Johnny after Isabel," she said, a few

minutes later, as she stood by the stove in Vincent Gould's kitchen, taking the chill from her clothing and hands before going near the little sufferer, whose labored breathing could plainly be heard from the adjoining room. "She's worth two like me, anywhere, and especially in a case of this kind. She just brought up her sister's children, and kept her house, too, for that matter. I'll do what I can, but I shall give right up to her as soon as she comes. She'd be a treasure in any man's house; and the idea of her being allowed to live single all these years, is monstrous. I don't see what the men can be thinking of."

"There," she thought, "there's a broad hint for him, if he'll only take it."

It was not long before Isabel made her welcome appearance, and not long after that before, under her skillful ministrations, the poor baby was greatly relieved; and then the widow announced her intention of going right away to bed. She felt one of her bad headaches coming on, she said, and, besides, she was not needed; the baby was so much better that two could take care of him as well as a dozen, and better; and so she took Teenie and went off up-stairs with secret satisfaction, almost thankful for her old enemy, the headache, as it gave her such a good excuse for leaving Vincent and Isabel alone. Her satisfaction was not lessened the next morning by hearing that Isabel was to remain a few days, or until the baby should fully recover.

"Just what I wanted," she said, as she pursued her way homeward in the cold. "Things are going just right, at last—we sh all see!" And so she assured herself day after day, as Isabel stayed on and cared for the baby, and, by degrees, began to assume an oversight of Teenie and the housework. "It's as good as decided," she said, one morning, while she brushed the first snow from her door-step, "just as good; anybody can see that," and she began to feel a little hurt that neither of them confided in her. She certainly expected Vincent would, after the hints she had given him. He must have seen that she was anxious for the match, and it was a little singular that he didn't tell her that all was settled, now that it was evident that it was. It was hardly treating her well, she felt. Vincent happened in now quite often, for a few minutes of an evening, and she always took care to bring Isabel's name into the conversation, recounting her good qualities and praising her to an unlimited extent, to all which praises Vincent gave his hearty indorsement, but not a word further.

"Well," she said, after one of these calls, "I shall know sometime, perhaps; after everybody else has heard—people who feel no interest in the matter at all, more than to have something to gossip about—and when they have discussed, and approved, and condemned, and joked and laughed it all over; then, by some mere chance, I shall get to hear of it. 'Why, la me!' somebody will say, 'didn't you know? Why, I have known it from the first! Both of them as good as told me.' Well, I can wait. Goodness knows, I have cares and worry enough of my own, with everything out-doors and in to attend to, with-

out prying into other people's secrets. I've done my best to bring them together, and I'll be satisfied with that reflection, whether they choose to take me into their confidence or not."

That evening Vincent dropped in again; and before he had been in the room five minutes, the widow saw that the "confidence" was coming. "I see it in his face," she thought; and when he drew his chair quite close to the little round stand beside which she sat knitting, she had hard work to keep from laughing outright, she was so sure she knew just what he was going to say. He hesitated and stammered a good deal over the beginning, and she nodded and smiled encouragingly; and finally he succeeded in saying he hoped she would not think he was in too great haste—he hoped she understood and appreciated his situation, and the great need he had of some one to oversee his house and be a mother to his children; and then he made an awkward pause, which she filled up by saying, "Ye-es," and "Certainly," with another encouraging smile, laying down her knitting, so as to give him her whole attention.

"It is no sudden resolution," he began again, seeming relieved and reassured by her manner. "I've had it in my mind for some months, but I didn't know, and don't now, of course, what you will say to it; but I hope you don't feel that it would be any disrespect to poor Lovina. No one can quite fill her place in my affections for a long while to come, if ever; and I can't pretend to what I don't feel, but—" and again he paused.

"Of course! Certainly not!" replied the widow, anxious to help him out. "I quite understand your feelings; and so must any one who is at all acquainted with the history of your married life. And, besides, it is not as though you were taking some young girl who would expect to be petted and made much of, as though she were the only one you had to think of."

"It is a great relief to me to have you say this," Vincent said, rising and standing with his hands behind him, his back to the stove. "I was afraid you might think I ought to wait awhile longer; and I am beginning to feel worried about Teenie. She works too hard; and, besides, she ought to go to school. How—soon—do—you think—we—can be—ahem—married?"

"Well, I'm sure," laughed the little widow, "I don't think I ought to decide that. You and Isabel must settle that between yourselves. The sooner the better, I should say."

"Isabel?" said Vincent. "What has Isabel to say about it? It can't concern her, I'm sure!"

"Not concern her how soon she is married!" queried the widow, looking puzzled. "Well, I think it does."

"But we are not talking about her being married, are we?" was the equally puzzled reply. "It is you and I, as I understand it. Isabel has nothing to do about it."

"For goodness sake!" gasped the widow. "What are we talking about, anyway?"

"Why, my dear woman!" exclaimed Vincent, a

light suddenly breaking over his face, while he caught his chair, and, placing it close beside her, seated himself, and, grasping her hands, he went on eagerly: "Is it possible you have misunderstood me all this while? Didn't I tell you who it is I want for a wife? It is not Isabel—she is good enough, and all that, but I don't want her, even supposing I could get her, which I am far from sure about—I want *you*!"

"Oh my!" again gasped the little woman, her great black eyes round with astonishment. "Just to hear the man! Me! Why I am old enough to be your mother!"

"Not quite so bad as that, I guess," laughed Vincent. "If I recollect aright, you are less than one year older."

"Well, I declare!" was the slow reply, after a moment's reflection. "I believe it is so! But it doesn't seem possible! It's because I was married so long before you, and Lovina being so much younger, that made it seem so. But, goodness me! I don't want to marry again. I never dreamed of doing anything of the kind. Besides, I want you to marry Isabel. I've been working, and scheming, and planning to bring it about all the fall, and I don't like to give it up now."

"I'm sorry you've had so much trouble for nothing," said Vincent; "and it needn't have been so if you had only consulted me before you began. My mind was made up long ago to marry you or nobody; and I'm like you, I don't like to give it up now."

"But Isabel is so much more suitable," argued Mrs. Robinson, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or angry at the turn affairs had taken. Here she had been building an enormous air-castle, at considerable trouble and worry of mind, and a breath had demolished it. She didn't like it at all. She felt like insisting upon having her way, but her mind was so upset and confused that she could think of nothing to say to the point, so she repeated, with added emphasis, "Isabel is so much more suitable!"

To which Vincent replied, smiling: "I want to be the judge of that; and I don't agree with you. However, we will drop the subject for a week, and by that time I hope you will have changed your mind about marrying again."

Eager to have her way in something, she replied rather shortly that she should not make up her mind in one week's time; she should take two, at least; and she should consult Charlie in the meantime; and whatever happened, she should persist in recommending Isabel as a much more suitable woman for him.

At the expiration of the two weeks, finding that Vincent still declined to take her view of Isabel's fitness, she said that perhaps the best way to convince him of his error would be to allow him to take his own way; and he expressed himself as quite willing to risk the consequences of his willfulness.

SUSAN B. LONG.

THE vanity of a human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

## BETH.

LIKE as not it's as you say, ma'am, you'll never be wearin' your pretty looks again. That burn-in' and the scar on your cheek's a serious business; but just put your head back on the pillow, here, and let me tell you my Beth's story. I'm nothin' to boast of in the way of looks, as you see, but my girl took down, for ugliness, every livin' woman I ever set eyes on. Comin' of white stock, from generation to generation, she was that yellow you'd 'a' taken her for a mulatto anywhere. Her skin was mud color; so was her eyes; so was her hair. Different kinds, to be sure, but the muddiest kind that could be raked out. Her mouth went clean almost from ear to ear; for all that, there wasn't room for her teeth. They must come pushin' through, as if she was eatin' up lip and chin. In a poetry-piece, I heard the Haverstock girls read an' talk over a good bit, there was somethin' about a "tip-tilted" nose. Well, my daughter's was tipsy-tilted. You never, in all your born-days, see such a drunken'-lookin' nose on a decent, respectable countenance.

Poor dear! I'm not meanin' her harm. She was the best child I ever had, and she's in glory now, singin' the song of Moses and the Lamb. No, I'm not meanin' her harm, far from it! I'm only wantin' to comfort you a bit, if I can. Maybe you think I take a queer way; we'll see, by and by.

Some folks, if they haven't one thing, they've another. If there ain't a pretty face, there's a figure. Beth hadn't even that. I never see anybody as awkward without bein' crippled or deformed. She was neither. Bless the Lord, He give me children sound in mind and body. Bless Him, too, for makin' up to my girl inside what she come short of outside.

Mr. Haverstock raised her. Left a widder with five, I couldn't do no better. He took her when she was nine and his oldest twelve, and brought her up straight along, a'most as if she'd been his own. She brought up the Haverstock children straight along, too. There was eight before she got through with 'em; and, dear me, they'd a-been nothin', but for my Beth. She was the kindest, faithfulest creature ever lived. Neat as a pin, too, and as careful of the children as if they, every one, belonged to her. They're a pretty lot; golden hair, eyes like a bit of sky, cheeks and lips like roses and lilies. Beauties, all of them. Beth would have gone on her knees to 'em any time before she was converted, just for that. Howsomever, they're as handsomely-behaved as they are handsome, and always was, only gay and worldly like. Where there's money a-plenty that's often the case. They'd a-done anything under the sun for Beth, they was that fond of her.

"One thing thou lackest," the Bible says. It's only one, you see; still, it's the main thing. About the time I speak of, me, Beth and the Haverstocks lacked it. Maybe I should have said that this I've got on my mind, and am goin' to tell you, happened before and along the year my girl was eighteen. There was somethin' about her I thought peculiar. She had the

amazin'est eye for beauty ever was. "Artistic," Mr. Haverstock called it. The way his girls depended on her for fixin' 'em was surprisin'. She often said to me: "When I get them all ready for a party or anything, I feel—I can't tell how; but it's grand. As if I'd carved a statue, painted a picture, or made a book; something to set out before folks, and be proud of, you know."

They'd take her to the theayter on purpose to see her pleasure in the ladies and their splendid dresses. This was before she joined church; afterwards, nobody could hire her to go. They often had her out to see paintin's, statuary, and dear knows what beside. I've been along with them sometimes, and my Beth's face was a fair wonder. It never was anything but a plain face all the way through; yet to see her, without any tellin', pickin' out what was called the gems of the collection, and watch her breath and the color on her cheek comin' and goin', was a rare sight. Then, her eyes! sakes alive, they shone like moons.

Sometimes, after it's rained all day and clear at sunset, you've seen the little pools in the road and everywhere takin' on the glory of the west. And you know how you forget they're only puddles, and think of them as part of the upper splendor. Just so, my girl's eyes took in the pretty things she looked at, and got so bright over 'em you'd never remember their shape or color, you'd only see the great shinin', and get kind o' dazzled over it.

She picked up beauty in the most unlikely places, too. Places where most people never think of lookin' for it. Under the leaves, down among the grass, in stones and in water. As for the sky, why it was like another world to her. I'm not goin' into that, though, 'cause I don't want to talk you to death or to sleep.

Beth was a sensible girl enough, she had health, strength, the best of mistresses, and nothing to worry about, far as me and the rest was concerned; yet, on one point, she was the miserablest of mortals. She wanted—poor thing—to be pretty. Seein' the Haverstocks growin' up, each handsomer than the last, she'd cry by the hour, foolish lamb, 'cause she'd never be a beauty.

"If I'd a world of gold," she told 'em, "I'd give it all for the sake of lookin' like you."

They're good-hearted creatures as ever breathed, but giddy; and they'd laugh and call her names of ugly people they read about, so she'd hide away and cry by the hour. Even after she got religion she kep' mournin' and puttin' things at herself I know now was never meant as she took 'em.

"Mother," says she, one day, "I read we must adorn the doctrine. How can such an ugly, awkward creature as I am do that?"

Says I: "Beth, not bein' a Christian myself, I don't know."

'Twasn't long, though, before she got what she called "clearer views," felt better, and was better. Always havin' been kind and steady, I'd thought Beth couldn't be improved. And when I hear talk about religion, I'd say: "Don't tell me a person



can't be as good a Christian outside the church as in it. Look at my Beth!" Just as if anybody outside the church had a right and title to the name, or could be a Christian, any more than a foreigner can be an American without bein' naturalized. Joinin' church and confessin' Him before men's bein' naturalized into the Kingdom of Christ. "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." That's Scripture, ma'am. Yes, Beth got clearer views, and her life was clearer, brighter for 'em. By'm by come the brightest time of all. Gettin' home one night from a prayer-meetin', and catchin' the little tots awake, she told them she was goin' to be pretty, too, some day. She kept on tellin' 'em, too. Washin' their pinky little bodies, brushin' their yellow hair, cleanin' their mother-o'-pearl nails, she'd say over and over she was goin' to be pretty, too.

After bit the older ones got hold of it, and put it at her, askin' was she goin' to use this, that, the other, and recommendin' things; but she never lost temper. I know that, though I wasn't seein' much of her just then, bein' busy nursin'; but I know she never lost temper. Within myself I wondered what she was tryin' to get at. And when I did see her, 'peared to me she'd a new way of lookin' at beautiful things. Somehow as if she held the secret of things more beautiful than all.

The Haverstocks, as I've told you, were a gay set. It seemed, too, as if sickness and trouble never meant to light on 'em. Mr. and Mrs. hadn't a fret or a care. The children come into the world, grewed up, and two daughters married happily, before ever a shadow crossed their threshold. Man's born to trouble, however; so's woman; and one day sorrow come walkin' in just as natural as though it'd been sittin' on the steps all along. Cloudsly, the only son, the youngest, three years old, got diphtheria and died of it. The rest of the children had a touch of it, too, Halcyone, the oldest unmarried daughter, finishin' off with typhoid fever. Nobody ever expected her to get out again, she was that low. I was there night and day, and you'd better believe I was the gladdest creature alive when the doctor said the dear child would get well. I'll never forget what they called her, convalescents.

The little grave in the valley was green; red and yellow leaves were fallin' on it like ripe fruit, and our tears dropped there, too. But it laid alone, no bigger mound beside it; and somehow, after all we'd gone through, that was a great comfort. There was only One to thank for this, and straightaway the household set down at my Beth's feet, askin' how best to do it, and what use to make Halcyone of her spared life, and the rest of us of ours. When the road's straight, it don't take long to point a traveler the way. Beth was on that road, settin' her feet in the print of the Master's, and with one mind the Haverstocks and me followed after.

Maybe you remember, ma'am, a warm spell we had in October, five years ago. No? Well, 'twas like

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summer weather. The leaves dropped, to be sure, yet you could hardly help lookin' for new ones in their places. We had doors and windows open, and when the air'd come flutterin' in, I 'most expected to smell peach and apple-blossoms. Halcyone was long gettin' on her feet again, so we'd wheel her chair by the window afternoons, and gather round to read a chapter in the Bible.

Beth had been timid about her experiences. She wasn't now. It was like goin' to school and gettin' hold some mighty fascinatin' study, to have her talkin' and explainin' as we went along. October days are short, you know, ma'am. Well, there come one as brimful of June as ever was without the roses, and they'd 'a' come crowdin' in if there'd 'a' been time; I'm certain of it. I'll never forget it long as I live. Halcyone sat at the window, the rest of us 'round her. Considerin' what she had been, she was a sight to see. Exceptin' a little furz down in her neck, her head was perfectly bald. Her fingers were like claws, skin yellow, eyes dull and sleepy-lookin', all the beauty wiped out, leavin' only a blurred sort of picture of the merry, handsome girl she used to be. A glass hung opposite, and she kept starin' that way curiously, as if she wanted to get acquainted with herself. All of a sudden she up and says: "Beth, I want to ask a question."

"Well?" answered Beth.

"You won't refuse a reply?"

"No, Halcy," said Beth.

"Remember, now, it's a promise," says Halcyone, with one of her old, bright looks. "When you declared to the children you were going to be pretty some day, on whose authority did you make so foolish an assertion?"

Nobody'd put the girl up to it; but I tell you we lost no time perkin' our ears and lookin' at Beth.

"God's," she answered.

I was so taken aback, I turned scarlet. Mr. Haverstock looked grave.

"Where do you find it?" he asked.

"In the New Testament," she replied.

"Well!" spoke up Mrs. Haverstock, a trifle sharply. "I'm finding out there's a great deal in the Bible, yet I never dreamed there was any encouragement for a plain-featured person in it."

"Can you show us?" whispered Halcyone, a little scared at the turn things had taken.

Beth got her Bible and read: "'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him.'"

You might have heard a pin drop. I'm sure I heard a leaf fall outside.

"Yes," says Mr. Haverstock, "but how do you account for what we read only yesterday?—'He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire in Him.'"

My Beth grewed up with a mighty nice way of speakin'. I remember every word of her answer. Says she: "That describes our Saviour after the scourging, the buffeting, the crown of thorns; and

before His ascension. It was a vision; don't you see? Probably it means, beside, that on first sight the sinner sees no beauty to desire in Him. I'm not certain about that; but I am certain He was 'fairer than the children of men,' for my Bible tells me so. He is the 'rose of Sharon,' the 'lily of the valleys,' the 'bright and morning star.' Nobody can associate homeliness of face or figure with titles like these. Since the joy of receiving Him, and being received, entered my soul, I have known no purer rapture than that which thrilled me on learning that it was impossible for me to be a blot on the brightness of Heaven. That when I see the 'king in His beauty,' I—even I, poor, sinful, ugly—shall be changed, shall be like Him!"

Pardon these tears, ma'am; my girl hadn't long to wait. Whether it was the settin' up nights, or the disease lingerin' round and gettin' hold of her in the end, I don't know. I only know before Christmas she was gone.

Like as not it's as you say, ma'am, you'll never get your pretty looks again in this world; but if you keep close to the cross, and win the crown, you'll have 'em in the next.

When I look around and see how many of Christ's followers are ugly, old, scarred, lame, halt, blind, it's a blessed thought that when the great mornin' breaks they'll wake in His likeness.

I'm told that in Bible times, when a rich man gave a feast, he provided garments for the guests. Our King not only furnishes the weddin' garment, but gives the shinin' of face, and the beauty, too.

Let us pray, ma'am, that none of us may come short of His grace and His glory.

MADGE CARROL.

### NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

AMERICAN girls, it would appear, have a clearer idea of the kind of education which they need in these hard times than their teachers. They are crowding into the art schools, fitting themselves as designers, engravers, etc. The recent mania for china, too, is being turned to account as a source of income. There is hardly a village where women of artistic skill or tastes are not trying to paint and bake china. The society on East Twentieth Street, and others, have established classes. Monographs and primers of the art are advertised every day. When the times revive, and the potteries now contemplated are really established, there will be no lack either of designers or decorators of china, and the art may be made as lucrative a business here as it is in France and England. Much of the finest work on the Limoges *faience* and Doulton ware is done by girls and women, thoroughly trained for the art. In London, too, women are employed not only as architects but as house decorators, painting panels, embroidering curtains, and in one notable instance (the sisters of a well-known literary man), they take the entire arrangement and adornment of the house in their charge, directing the upholsterers and furnishing for

their part, not carpets or chairs, but ideas and taste. These ladies have grown rapidly rich in their novel calling. Our American girls are quick-witted enough to perceive that certain commodities are more in demand in the market than Greek, and they will be as eager to supply them as their English sisters.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### THE PARTING.

(See Engraving.)

AS the sparkling, dancing brooklet,  
From the sheltered, mossy dell,  
Leaving trees and tangled thickets,  
Ferns and flowers that love her well,  
Flows to join another streamlet,  
Forming hence one stronger tide,  
Soon to be a mighty river,  
Precious-freighted—see our bride.

In her veil of silvery whiteness,  
In the blossoms o'er her brow,  
In her youth's glad exultation,  
She is like the streamlet now.  
As she leaves her home of childhood,  
With the one best loved, to-day,  
Like the barks their joys and sorrows,  
Like the broadening river they.

Yet, once more, the faithful mother,  
Tender, yet with anxious fears,  
Leads aside her white-robed darling,  
Child of many prayers and tears.  
Half in sorrow, half in gladness,  
Closely clasps the tiny hand,  
And her finger gently presses  
On the little golden band.

"O my daughter! could I give you,  
Ere we part, the brightest, best,  
That for you, in prayers and wishes,  
Overflow your mother's breast,  
I should be indeed thrice blessed;  
But 'tis not for me to say  
What shall be your happiest portion,  
What your joys from day to day.

"But this parting word I give you,  
Shrine it as a pictured saint;  
By this mystic, golden token,  
Love, and hope, and never faint.  
Take your daily strength and comfort  
From a higher source than I—  
God Himself will journey with you,  
Blessing, keeping—dear, good-bye."

She is gone. The place that knew her,  
Hence shall know her now no more.  
Thus the streamlets, now united,  
Seek another course and shore.  
Flow they on, a widening river,  
Bearing riches on its breast,  
Out into the mighty ocean—  
Emblem of eternal rest.

## Religious Reading.

### ARE WE CHRISTIANS?

WHAT is it to be a Christian? Did you ever put that question to your heart and conscience, reader—soberly and solemnly? To become a denominational Christian is an easy enough matter in its way; but to become a Christian after the Christ-like pattern is quite another thing. To become the former, you have only to give in your adhesion to certain creeds and confessions of faith; to live in external obedience to the commandments; to observe certain ordinances, rituals and forms of worship, and, it may be, to profess a change of heart. In common parlance, a "good" Churchman, or Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist is one who is so entirely loyal to his own sect that he finds it difficult to tolerate any other. And now, reader, to whatsoever denomination you may belong, look about you among the members of your own church, and especially among those who come more closely within the range of your observation, and then report to yourself the number whom you regard as Christians after the Christ-like pattern.

What is the result? Who among them, and how many, love the neighbor as themselves, to say nothing of the higher law of Christianity which teaches that we should love others *better* than ourselves? Who among them is free from envy, and evil speaking, and love of the world, and the greed of unrighteous gain? To how many of the denominational Christians you know would you trust your interests in a bargain where their interests were involved at the same time? Would you feel right sure that no advantage would be taken; that your rights in the trade or bargain would be held as sacred as their own? We fear not. Under tests like these, what shall we say of modern denominational religion? Is it Christianity?

What we are is of more consequence to ourselves than what people say of us. But it often happens that self-love so blinds us to our real characters that we become strangely ignorant as to the quality of our lives; while others see us as we are. It is well, sometimes, to look at the estimate in which others hold us, and to examine the ground of that estimate. If it be unfavorable, and we find that it rests only on prejudice, ignorance or an ill-will born of selfishness, we need not let it trouble us seriously; but if we discover that it has a deeper foundation, and good reason for calling in question our honor, our rectitude or our consistency of character, it behooves us, if we would be honest with ourselves, to give heed to the voice that is raised against us, and hear in its utterance the words of a friend, and not those of an enemy.

A few years ago, a celebrated Hindoo religious reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, paid a visit to England, and there, for a time, studied Christianity as he saw it illustrated in Church and State, and in the lives of the people. He went to the New Testament, and not to the conflicting creeds and doctrines of sectarian writers, to learn what Christ had taught; and in comparing the pure precepts of the Gospel with the common life of the nation as he saw it exhibited in all of its manifold phases, he was forced to the conclusion that England was "not yet a Christian nation!"

In a lecture upon "Christ and Christianity," he made the following remarkable arraignment of modern Christianity and modern Christians. The strictest

sectarian may read it with profit, and find in it much to awaken sober thought:

"Why have I cherished respect and reverence for Christ? \* \* \* Why is it that, though I do not take the name of 'Christian,' I still persevere in offering my hearty thanksgivings to Jesus Christ? There must be something in the life and death of Christ—there must be something in His great Gospel which tends to bring comfort, and light, and strength to a heart heavy laden with iniquity and wickedness. \* \* \* I studied Christ ethically, nay, spiritually—and I studied the Bible also in the same spirit, and I must acknowledge, candidly and sincerely, that I owe a great deal to Christ and to the Gospel of Christ. \* \* \*

"My first inquiry was, What is the creed taught in the Bible? \* \* \* Must I go through all the dogmas and doctrines which constitute Christianity in the eye of the various sects, or is there something simple which I can at once grasp and turn to account?

"I found Christ spoke one language, and Christianity another. I went to Him prepared to hear what He had to say, and was immensely gratified when He told me: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and love thy neighbor as thyself,' and then He added, 'This is the whole law and the prophets,' in other words, the whole philosophy, theology and ethics of the law and the prophets are concentrated in these two great doctrines of love to God and love to man; and then elsewhere He said, 'This do and ye shall inherit everlasting life.' \* \* \* If we love God and love man, we become Christ-like, and so attain everlasting life.

"Christ never demanded from me worship or adoration that is due to God, the Creator of the Universe. \* \* \* He places Himself before me as the spirit I must imbibе in order to approach the Divine Father, as the great Teacher and Guide who will lead me to God.

"There are some persons who believe that if we pass through the ceremony of baptism and sacrament, we shall be accepted by God; but if you accept baptism as an outward rite, you cannot thereby render your life acceptable to God, for Christ wants something internal, a complete conversion of the heart, a giving up the yoke of mammon and accepting the yoke of religion, and truth, and God. He wants us to baptize our hearts not with cold water, but with the fire of religious and spiritual enthusiasm; He calls upon us not to go through any outward rite, but to make baptism a ceremony of the heart, a spiritual enkindling of all our energies, of all our loftiest and most heavenly aspirations and activities. That is true baptism. So with regard to the doctrine of the sacrament. There are many who eat the bread and drink the wine at the sacramental table, and go through the ceremony in the most pious and fervent spirit; but, after all, what does the sacrament mean? If men simply adopt it as a tribute of respect and honor to Christ, shall He be satisfied? Shall they themselves be satisfied? Can we look upon them as Christians simply because they have gone through this rite regularly for twenty or fifty years of their lives? I think not. Christ demands of us absolute sanctification and purification of the heart. In this matter, also, I see Christ on one side, and Christian sects on the other.

"What is that bread which Christ asked His disciples to eat? what that wine which he asked them to taste? Any man who has simple intelligence in him, would at once come to the conclusion that all this was metaphorical, and highly and eminently spiritual. Now, are you prepared to accept Christ simply as an outward Christ, an outward teacher, an external atonement and propitiation, or will you prove true to Christ by accepting His solemn injunctions in their spiritual importance and weight? He distinctly says, every follower of His must eat His flesh and drink His blood. If we eat, bread is converted into strength and health, and becomes the means of prolonging our life; so, spiritually, if we take truth into our heart, if we put Christ into the soul, we assimilate the spirit of Christ to our spiritual being, and then we find Christ incorporated into our existence and converted into spiritual strength, and health, and joy, and blessedness. Christ wants something that will amount to self-sacrifice, a casting away of the old man, and a new growth in the heart. I thus draw a line of demarcation between the visible and outward Christ, and the invisible and inward Christ, between bodily Christ and spiritual Christ, between the Christ of images and pictures, and the Christ that grows in the heart, between dead Christ and living Christ, between Christ that lived and that was, and Christ that does live and that is. \* \* \*

"To be a Christian, then, is to be Christ-like. Christianity means becoming like Christ, not acceptance of Christ as a proposition or as an outward representation, but spiritual conformity with the life and character of Christ. And what is Christ? By Christ I understand one who said, 'Thy will be done;'

and when I talk of Christ, I talk of that spirit of loyalty to God, that spirit of absolute determinedness and preparedness to say at all times and in all circumstances, 'Thy will be done, not mine.' \* \* \*

"This prayer about forgiving an enemy and loving an enemy, this transcendental doctrine of love of man, is really sweet to me, and when I think of that blessed Man of God, crucified on the cross, and uttering those blessed words, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;' oh! I feel that I must love that being, I feel that there is something within me which is touched by these sweet and heavenly utterances, I feel that I must love Christ, let Christians say what they like against me; that Christ I must love, for He preached love for an enemy. \* \* \*

"When every individual man becomes Christian in spirit—repudiate the name, if you like—when every individual man becomes as prayerful as Christ was, as loving and forgiving towards enemies as Christ was, as self-sacrificing as Christ was, then these little units, these little individualities, will coalesce and combine together by the natural affinity of their hearts; and these new creatures, reformed, regenerated, in the child-like and Christ-like spirit of devotion and faith, will feel drawn towards each other, and they shall constitute a real Christian church, a real Christian nation. Allow me, friends, to say, England is not yet a Christian nation."

We greatly fear that, if the learned Hindoo's idea of Christianity be the true one, the number of real Christians in what is called Christendom, of which we in America form a part, is very small. What then? Shall we take offense; or shall we not, rather, seek to become Christians in fact as well as in name?

RICHMOND.

## Mother's' Department.

### LEAVING HOME.

"The faint, rudy light of the morning  
Is flushing the soft eastern gray,  
Red banners hung out as a warning  
That Phœbus is coming this way.  
O stars of the night-time tarry!  
O sun, in thy pathway stay!  
For my loving and brave boy Harry  
Goes out in the world to-day."

HOW many mothers' hearts have echoed a similar sentiment, as they thought, with a throb of pain, that to-day a bird would leave the shelter of the home-nest. This "breaking-up" of the family comes home the nearest to her bosom. The anxious care and trembling fear for the boy's future is largely left for her to bear alone. She sees so many wrecks go down all around of what were once fair-sailing barks—how can she help but fear? That tender love goes with him over land and sea—even down to his old age.

"And men who seem old to each other;  
Yes, men with their locks growing gray—  
Each one is 'my boy' to a mother,  
As when in his cradle he lay."

If we send out our boys rooted and grounded in good principles; if we have taught them to shun, as the sure way to death, every approach to intemperance, we have laid a deep foundation for a prosperous, noble life. Any compliance on our part with the evil ways of society, in this regard, will be

fraught with infinite peril to them. The more we have been to our boy in his early life, the greater the danger. Ah, at the mother's door lies the blame of many a wretched life—many a drunkard's grave would not have been filled but for her influence. The reverse side of the picture is as bright and clear. Almost every one who has risen to eminence in any department, has turned back reverently to the mother who watched over his childhood as the one to whom most gratitude was due.

MOTHER.

### THAT BOY.

"THERE is that boy," said Mrs. Gray, "been to the old copper-mine and back to-day with his cousin—a full six miles—besides tramping around all the while he was there. He went to the office and got his father's leave, but was too sharp to come and ask mine. A walk of six miles for his own pleasure is nothing; yet, when I asked him to go to Mr. Sharp's store for me, he fretted and objected strongly it was 'so far!' That is a boy's consistency. The store was perhaps a quarter of a mile from here. Of course, he had to go; but he did not do it willingly and cheerfully."

"Like the boys in books, you mean," said Aunt Lucy, smiling. "We don't find a great many of them out of books; but then it is good they exist in the books, just for the ideals they set up before the boy's mind. Many a lad has felt a twinge at his conscience, I don't doubt, as he read the considerate



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THE PARTING.—Page 54.







kindness of some little book-boy for his mother. But boys as you find them are a thoughtless, careless lot, and are always more ready to play than work. But I think your Horace a pretty good boy, as boys go, Edith."

"Horace loves his mother, if he is thoughtless," said mother, thoughtfully. "Let me get a sick headache, and he cannot do enough for me. But then he does require a deal of patience."

"Edith, there comes a time in every boy's life, as far as I have known boys, when he needs a great deal of patience and mother-love, in order to his well-being. If these are lost to him, he loses his sheet-anchor. He will drift away on to the bars and reefs, and it is a miracle if he does not become a wreck. Those boys who find harshness and impatience, instead of loving counsel and steady sympathy, even when very wayward, go down rapidly. I really

think that when a boy is just passing out of boyhood, he needs a mother's love and care quite as much as when in his cradle. Some one else might feed and clothe the baby, and it would grow and thrive; but there is no one like a mother to train, and guide, and comfort the sensitive, willful, awkward boy; no one can do the work like a good mother. Keep friends with your thoughtless boy, Edith, if you would be friends with your grown-up son. There is nothing more beautiful to me than a gray-haired mother leaning on the strong arm of a fresh-faced, manly son, who looks down with pride and tenderness on his charge. It is the right order of things, Edith; we hold up their little steps in infancy, and they support our feeble steps in age. But it is only the patient mothers, dear, who have this crown of reward.

J. McC.

## The Home Circle.

### LAY SERMONS ON DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

#### No. 2.

"Through wisdom is a house builded; and by understanding it is established: and by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches."—Prov. xxiv., 3, 4.

**A**LMOST all, however poor, if industrious, look forward to the time when they shall have homes of their own. Much is talked and planned regarding the situation, the cost and the style of architecture, but among the great majority very little is thought of the inside adornment—that is left to accident or caprice—and so, very often, when at last a house has been wisely and understandingly builded and established, the chambers are not filled with precious and pleasant riches.

And why is this so? Why is it that so many of our well-to-do people, a large proportion of whom have worked their way up from poverty into comfortable domicils of their own, find their ideal for its adornment satisfied with gaudy, many-flowered carpets; shiny, veneered furniture; red-and-yellow pictures, and dropsical china dogs and cherubs—at most, caring for nothing more than the regulation amount and style of gilding and upholstery? It is not because enough has not been written, for one can scarcely take up any publication without meeting a forcible exhortation, with really tasteful suggestions, to adorn homes. It appears to me that it is, because in the minds of the many there exists a *doubt* as to its being sensible or right to spend time or money so. For the same reason that the majority of mankind consider their food first of all, do they think that the greatest expenditure should be in the way of providing food. The wife of a man who has worked and must work hard for all that he and his family can have, feels that she lays herself open to the imputation of being extravagant and desirous of show, if she beautifies their home; though, perhaps, the same woman would not hesitate to lay out almost a whole week's income in a dinner for Sunday. Before the homes of the generality of people will be tastefully adorned, this doubt must be removed. Let it be widely known that it is not only agreeable, but perfectly right that they should be, and thought and study will follow—and by the time a house is reared, the requisite knowledge for filling its chambers will be gained.

In this passage, as throughout the Proverbs, knowledge is linked with wisdom and understanding; and here, as in the other cases, prosperity and blessing follow their proper exercise. So, the knowledge requisite to adorn our rooms is evidently of the kind Scripturally recommended—that is, it is included in the phrase, "knowledge of God." And, to gain and apply this latter, we are required to study and imitate the actions of God; for, as a leaf is like a tree, a pool like the ocean, a star like the sun, we are like Him; and, as the leaf has its branchings, the pool its wavelets, the star its flashings, so we, when working aright, work in our littleness as He in His grandeur. And, as our Heavenly Father has for His human family prepared a terrestrial mansion, so may earthly parents imitate him in preparing for their family a place of habitation. The work of God and man in so doing are described by the inspired writer in parallel terms. We are told that "The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens; by His knowledge the depths are broken up and the clouds drop dew."

By wisdom and understanding has He built and established our earthly home. By wisdom He has laid its everlasting foundations of iron and granite; by understanding He has walled and roofed it with sapphire and gold. Many-chambered is His house, with its partitions of river and mountain and ocean, and it is by His knowledge that they are filled with precious and pleasant riches. For we are told that by His knowledge the depths are broken up and the clouds drop dew—and we know that the motion of the earth, given once by His touch, agitates the ocean forming currents, and these currents give rise to the vapors which ascend to make the clouds, and because the clouds drop rain and dew that the flowers smile, the baby mosses and the giant trees flourish, the brooks and rivers leap on rejoicing, the mountains are robed in gauzy blue, and the skies are veiled with filmy white and crimson and gold.

But we have further evidence that God fully approves of beautiful chambers. The tabernacle and the temple, designed by Himself, were marvelous in their splendor. They were meant for His own residence, it is true—but so were our sky, our earth, ourselves. Let it be continually remembered that the more we grow like Him, the more we live like Him.

The purpose of this essay is to remove the above-mentioned doubt, not to implant the requisite knowl-

edge. But it may not be amiss, while we are observing what God does, to point out some of the principles of beauty seen in His adornments, which we should follow in ours.

*Genuineness.*—In His creation, we know that a rock is a rock, a tree a tree, a cloud a cloud. There is no such thing as imitation or sham. We never advance to examine one of His objects of loveliness, and find rising suddenly in ourselves a sense of indignation at the fraud practiced upon us, and a disappointment at not finding what we expected. The tabernacle and temple contained real wood, real tapestry, real gold. The highest essential of beauty is truth. Have little, a very little, if you must, but have nothing which you cannot value, not only for what it looks like, but for what it is.

*Harmony.*—There are no violent contrasts in God's chamber. You never see a decided, strong blue and green, blue and red, maroon and scarlet, in close contact. You will find that the tall trees, and the little grasses, which, taken together form the greatest expanse on which the eyes rest, have green flowers, so as not to present a gaudy, patch-work landscape, while the brilliant masses of color, forming points of relief and heightening, are used sparingly.

*Gracefulness.*—You will not see one flower exactly like another flower, nor plants growing in straight rows, nor trees rising exactly perpendicular. The gloomy loneliness of the woods is turned into charming solitude by exquisite ferns; the monotony of the surface of the pond is broken by clusters of lilies, and the bare ruggedness of the rocks is relieved by luxuriant columbines and trailing Virginia creepers.

It is through a home made beautiful by intelligent, loving exertions; made pure by being the incentive for the conquest of the brute by the angel within us; made holy by being the armory in which we prepare the altar by which we vow to strive for better things—either by living and growing in one, or cherishing the ideal of one—that beautiful, pure and holy souls are made. Oh, have less on your forms and more on your walls; less in your larder and more in your cabinet—and it will not be many years before you will find that, while your bodies have lost nothing that was good for them to have, your souls have gained treasures eternal.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHTS.

"They bring me sorrow, touched with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule."

**C**Hristmas Eve! I look through my window at the stars, shining down upon a peaceful world. Numberless hosts, with here and there a larger, brighter one standing forth as a leader to the multitude of smaller ones that follow. Did they shine thus over Bethlehem on that night so long ago, when the mystery of mysteries was being enacted, which gave the waiting world a Saviour and Redeemer? What star was it, of all the countless myriads, that received such a blessed mission? Do its rays still gladden some part of our earth, or was its mission ended with that night's ministry, when He, the star of all the ages, rose to light the universe?

Christmas Eve! In a thousand cities the joy-bells ring forth, as they have through many hundred years, over this glad anniversary, and in old England's country villages the carol-singers wake their joyful songs through the quiet streets at dead of night, proclaiming the good tidings. Throughout the world

there are happy gatherings, where glad hearts and earnest voices echo the words, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas Eve! The years uncover their faces, and scenes of the past come with noiseless footsteps, and look upon me as they glide softly by. Some speak to me of the days of childhood, when a happy little group lived in the dear old home in Kentucky, and each Christmas was a joyous time, looked forward to and longed for throughout the year. In the cheerful dining-room I can see them gathered on one particular eve, with two or three young cousins, to share their preparations and their fun. A glowing coal-fire in the grate helps to light up the bright curtains and polished furniture, giving a look of warmth and cheer. Two of the younger girls are popping corn over it, while another couple are busy picking the meats out of a dish of hickory-nuts to put in the candy. Frequent visits are made to the adjoining kitchen, where the eldest presides over a pot of boiling molasses, which is anxiously watched and often tested, to see if it is thick enough to harden. (I remember so well that something not understood seemed the matter with it, and we came near having no candy at all.) At length patience is rewarded, and, after cooling in large pans for awhile, there is a merry time over the pulling. Then bed-time comes, the stockings are hung up, the good-nights said and all go to rest, except the two older ones, who sit up an hour longer to finish dressing some dolls for the little ones.

Christmas Eve again, in a far different and distant place. A humble cottage in a little Southern village, and only three of that group of girls left with the older members of the family. Years have passed, and they are no longer children; but though there are some sad memories of loved ones missing, and tender regrets for the free child-life gone, there is happiness still, for life binds them together, and they share the quiet pleasures of their elders. They all keep the midnight vigil now, and as the clock strikes twelve, Christmas wishes and kisses are exchanged, and they separate for a happy morrow.

Christmas Eve once more! That little group are all scattered—some to a fairer world. The youngest left, a girl in the early bloom of womanhood, I see again in a joyous company. It is the bridal night of her dearest friend, who has been the companion of many of her happiest days. Her hands have arranged the sunny curls of the fair bride, and helped to array her in the lovely dress she wears. Now the marriage is over, and while dancing is at its height, she steals away from the gay scene, which ill accords with her feelings on such an occasion, and stands alone on the gallery to watch for a few minutes the silent stars. Just then the church-bells ring out the Christmas peals. The music fills her soul. She has learned some of life's hard realities, and has had hard, bitter thoughts in her heart; and this softens and subdues. She remembers what a holy time it once was at this hour, and the message that was sent to all the world. The closing words of a Christmas anthem rise to her lips. She repeats softly: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—" Just then there is a step behind her, a hand is laid upon her own, and another voice finishes the sentence—"good-will to men." And as the bells cease their music, they walk away in the starlight under the peaceful skies.

Christmas Eve! Yet once more I write it. The girl is no longer young, and there are no more "Merry Christmases" for her. Only a time of retrospection—of sweet, sad memories when she recalls

her past life, and of earnest yearning to make happier the lives of the few dear ones left her. Yet there is also a holy joy apart from these, in thinking of the meaning of the day; of all the light, and joy, and salvation that have come to the world through the Prince whose natal day it proclaims. The star whose beams have dispelled the darkness of superstition and idolatry in many lands, and led the truly wise men of the world to worship at the feet of an ever-living God. O Star in the East! blessed beacon! shed thy divine rays into our hearts. Guide us through the darkness in which our souls often wander, and lead us into the celestial day.

LICHEN.

### ZAIDEE'S HAT.

I WANT to tell you girls something. I am quite sure you have all heard of "combination suits," and a woman living south of Millwood made her little boy a pair of "combination trousers;" but none of you probably ever heard of a combination hat, until now. I am so pleased over my invention, that I want to confide it to all the girls who are puzzled over these hideous fashions, and perhaps help them to the making of real pretty hats.

One of my girls, Zaidee Reid, could not afford to buy a new one, even if she had found the style that suited her. I waited, and thought, and planned how I could help her, and finally the plan came to me yesterday, at noon, and we put it into execution, and here, to-day, at noon, is the beautiful new hat on the desk beside me!

I will tell you how we managed to get it. Among the old hats about the house we found the frame of one with a brim three or four inches wide, tipping down a little in front and behind. The style of brim just suited her full, hearty, pink-and-white face, and her abundant light brown hair. It had been a white Neapolitan, trimmed with black turquoise. We took the braid off, and left on the black trimming of the brim. Then we took the crown of a last winter's black straw hat, and fitted it on to the frame; it had to be lifted up higher, to meet the demands of fashion, and that required half a dozen rows of black straw to be added to it, to cover the place where the bare frame showed. We took a fashion catalogue, hunted up the picture of a hat ready trimmed, that suited us, and then went to work to find material about the house for trimming it.

"Let it be all black," Zaidee said; "I am tired of flowers that I have to take care of."

We always save our ribbons, plumes, flowers, buckles, tips, and everything of the kind, so we brought out our boxes, and three of us went to work.

I said: "Let us have good material, and not a superabundance of it; an overtrimmed hat is loud and vulgar."

We found two plumes that had never been wet, and never been steamed, and crinkled, and doctored up—they were good ones, only the longer one was the best, and the end of it was rich, and lustrous, and quite elegant. So we said, the shorter plume will be fastened on to the stem end of the large one, and make the two look like one magnificent one. Here was a buckle of pearl, and here was another, black, long and glittering. Here was good black ribbon, and velvet, and gros grain, and turquoise, and best of all, the very thing—here was the whole sleeve of a silk sacque, cut quite on the bias; silk that had cost two dollars and more a yard, and the wrong side of it was as good as new.

That was enough. The goods were all put together and taken to the nearest milliner; and we showed her the picture, and how to make the one long plume, and how to lay the silk in folds to come up on the crown of the hat, with orders not to cut either piece—because silk in the family is as good as wheat in the mill—always available; how to place the shell-buckle, and what office the glittering one must perform among the puffs and folds of the silk; and how to make the pretty plume go up and then turn and wind around the hat, just as though it was so long and so extravagant that it didn't know what to do with itself. She wanted to make it go right up over the top, like a cock's-comb, but she yielded to our suggestion, and did just as we had planned—and to-day Zaidee went and brought the hat home, and it did us all good to witness the girl's pleasure.

It is a very pretty hat; the style is so becoming, too, and it is modest and in excellent taste.

Josie said: "Oh, it has such an Eastern look about it!" Josie's friends live in Boston, and she is as proud of that goodly city as any of its inhabitants.

I almost forgot to tell you the nicest thing we know about Zaidee's hat is, that it cost her only twenty-five cents—all the milliner charged her for trimming it.

Any little item like this that pleases and renders one of my girls happy, makes all of them rejoice.

I said a word in favor of saving pieces of black silk. The other sleeve of the sacque that I wore twelve years ago, when George Nelson and I visited his brother Levi, I took to trim a black cashmere dress last fall. The dress was an old brown one, faded, but in a good state of preservation. I dyed it jet black, and had it made over into a nice new one; just as pretty as it ever was. It is trimmed with an inch-wide bias band of silk about the wide flounce at the bottom of the sham skirt around the overskirt, the basque, sleeves and pocket.

My neighbor across the street has hers trimmed with gros grain silk, but it does not show like a good quality of Cheney silk.

One day last week we gathered up all our white woolen hose, and bleached them with sulphur, just as milliners bleach hats. They will become yellow after wearing them a season or two, and now they are as white as new.

One of my girls is so ungraceful that I am annoyed with her frequently. She is sure to catch her toes in the carpet; to stumble on the pavement, and go with a half run and jump a good ways before she can regain her equilibrium; to run against me if I am carrying a cup of tea, or a pail of water; to knock her sides or elbows against the door-frame; to trip, and nearly fall, if we have company; and she often runs right square against some of the girls. She annoys us a good deal, and nothing I can say or do seems to help her at all. When she talks she lets her thoughts run on ahead of her words, and she halts, and stammers, and repeats, and tries my patience sometimes, so that I get up and leave the room. It is the same way in her recitations; and the professor frequently makes her stop in the middle of a sentence and introduce some sort of system into her manner of expressing herself.

I want all my girls to become lady-like, and quiet, and wear all the graces that are theirs by right of womanhood. I tell them there is nothing lovelier in this world than a sweet, benign, gracious woman, and that the very angels love her and bear her purifying companionship. I want them to become women of breadth and culture, and to make a strong mark in every direction in which they may exercise their

ability. I want them to be so lovable and so graceful, that every motion will be poetry itself, and the tones of their voices musical and caressing; and I want them to be, also, practical women.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### AT THE DEACON'S.

WHILE I am writing, the girls ask what they will prepare for our Sunday dinner. Without looking up, I dreamily answer: "Baked meat and beans, a corn-meal pudding, and some rice boiled in plenty of water, with a mere seasoning of salt in it. Don't fix much; get all done by noon, so you can sit down and read and rest, and not be tired out before Sunday comes."

The beans were cleaned and put to soak in warm water last night.

To prepare a nice dish of baked beans, boil with them a pound of pork, part fat and part lean; when done, put the beans in the pan or baking-dish, lay the meat on top, rind side up; gash it, pour in the broth, with two spoons of molasses, put it in a hot oven and let it bake until the meat is nicely browned. Set it away for Sunday, and just before starting to church pour on it a little boiling water, and put it in the oven where it will heat gradually.

The meal pudding we make this way on Saturday: Take one pint of sour cream, or very rich sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved, two eggs, a heaping spoonful of white sugar, and a handful of raisins, currants or any kind of dried fruit—raisins are preferable—thicken into a batter with two-thirds corn-meal and one-third flour. Pour the batter into a buttered cake-pan, and steam it two hours. It will puff up lightly, and eaten with sweetened cream is delicious.

We make ours on Saturday, and steam it over for Sunday dinner.

The cold, boiled rice is for dessert, eaten with cream and sugar, and at this season of the year, when people eat so much meat, it will be found very acceptable, light, cooling and suitable food.

One of my neighbors hailed me yesterday from her carriage. I went out to the street, when she lowered her voice and said: "Do you know why dumplings fall or get heavy when they are taken to the table and cool off a little? Our last boiled chicken pie got as heavy as lead before dinner was over, and our roll-dumpling to-day was the same way. I felt really bad over it, for the Gregorys are visiting us this week, and I want to have everything as nice as possible. You know Mrs. Gregory is a pattern housekeeper and a model cook. I told John I'd drive round past here and ask you; I had to go to town anyhow to-day. Seems as if you knew a little of everything, Pipsey."

Now I had been a long time finding out this very thing. I had seen chicken pie, and boiled fruit pies, and dumplings settle down as heavy as leather; but at last I discovered that if the paste was made with baking-powder, or yeast, it would remain light and tender, and was almost as good eaten cold as hot. A paste made with soda and sour milk is never so good as when made with baking-powder.

To one quart of flour, use one tablespoonful of baking-powder, a lump of butter the size of an egg and as much sweet milk or water as is required for the wetting.

We make fruit-rolls, and if any of them are left we steam them for dinner. They are made by rolling out a piece of dough the size of one's fist; spread

over with any kind of berries or fruit; begin at one end and roll up; tuck in the ends, lay the roll into a cloth or pudding-bag, drop into boiling water and boil one hour without stopping. Eat with butter and sugar.

I was in the city lately looking for birthday presents. The old picture-dealer was very busy caring for a new lot of chromos that had just arrived. Now I had always thought everybody couldn't mount pictures, but while we were talking he showed me how he managed them. He took fine but firm unbleached muslin, stretched it, and secured it to the frames with tacks. He then made a fine, smooth, flour paste, and wet the back of the picture with it, let it lie until it was wet evenly and thoroughly all over, then put it on the cloth, and patted and smoothed it over and over, so that it was perfectly smooth and without a fold or wrinkle; put it away under a weight awhile and dried it slowly. The greatest care must be taken lest the paste does not touch every little spot; if it does not, it will blister and be uneven.

While I was in at the picture-dealer's, his wife came to ask for a gimblet. She said the hired help was so careless, and that the new broom bought only a week before was beginning to turn off to one side and become crooked. Her husband smiled, as much as to say, "The little leaks in a household are the greatest leaks after all." He bored a hole in the end of the broom, tied in a bit of a woven shoe-string for a loop, and gave it back to his careful little wife to hang up on the nail beside the door.

Oh, dear! we heard yesterday that Hattie and Jack Ainsworth quarrel, and they have only been married two years! She used to be the belle of Pottsville; and Jack—why Jack was called one of the finest fellows in all the country around. I told the girls not to tell the ill news at all, and if any one came to them with it, to pass it by for an idle rumor. People are so ready to tell everything they hear, especially if it is a report that injures some one. Only yesterday, when a man called to inquire where Lu Bennett had moved to, and told father his name was Davis, why father said he did believe he was a son or grandson of old Lukins Davis, who was arrested by a vigilance committee in Iowa for stealing, and without any trial was tied to a raft and set afloat on the river.

Father said: "His eyes kind o' pull down, and his nose has the same peculiar droop, and I shouldn't wonder if he was old Lukins's son, and maybe not a whit better than his father was."

I was a little bit vexed, and told him he'd conjured up a wonderful story out of nothing, and that he'd ought to be ashamed of himself, and not go to blackening a poor man's good name just because once upon a time there was a thievish old fellow lived who bore the same name, and whose nose turned down likewise. Too often evil reports take wing from little things as trifling and as meaningless as this, and any man or woman who lends a helping hand and an attentive ear is the worst offender.

PIPSEY POTTS.

### WILL PIPSEY ANSWER?

LADY writes: "As Pipsissway Potts kindly offered in the December number of your magazine to give information in making an ivy vine in wax, I will here ask her to please tell me if she covered the stem of the vine with wax before putting on the leaves. And I would be glad to know all the particulars."



## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

IT seems desirable that, in a monthly record of fashion, something should occasionally be said about the clothing of infants. The same general styles prevail for the little ones as for their mammas; that is, the favorite robes are cut gored and narrow. They are made high in the throat, and with long sleeves. The hooded, double circular cloak, so long in vogue for infants, is cut narrower than heretofore, and is frequently made up without trimming, since plainness of finish is elegance in itself this season.

All the designs of the season for both ladies and children are severely plain. There is no bunching of drapery, scarcely any trimming, with the exception of occasional kilt plaiting, and about the only allowable ornaments are buttons.

Large, flat buttons of horn, pearl, vegetable-ivory or composition are placed in perpendicular rows of three on each side of the opening cut up in the back from the lower edges of deep sack cloaks, and the pockets are trimmed with a single row adjusted down the centre.

Those of real horn have a disc about two inches in

diameter, which is flat, watch-shaped and highly polished. The natural tints of the animal production are preserved and esteemed for almost any of the plain fabrics and many kinds of the prismatic or variegated materials in market.

Imitations of horn are of glass and a composition of paste. Paste composition makes durable buttons of good appearance in all the reigning colors both light and dark.

Gilt, silver and steel buttons, rather larger than the dress size, are sometimes used with fine effect upon the rough frieze and Moscow beavers which this season introduces as cloths for winter wear.

The Breton style of button is as much used as ever, and the variety is increased by sequins of jet in two sizes, that are equally pretty for black and colored fabrics and for regular mourning attire.

A novelty in the decoration of sleeves consists of a silk band attached around the arm just above the elbow. Both edges of this band are ornamented with a row of buttons set an inch apart or more closely together, and the bottom of the sleeve is completed with a facing turned down cuff headed by three narrow folds.

## New Publications.

**A Woman's Thoughts about Woman.** By Miss Muloch. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Among the subjects considered by the author are, Self-dependence, Female Professions, Servants, the Mistress of a Family, Women of the World, Happy and Unhappy Women, Lost Women and Growing Old; and she writes about them like the clear-headed, closely-observant and sensible woman that she is. In her preface, she says: "These Thoughts do not pretend to solve any problems, to lay down any laws, or to decide out of one life's experience any of those great questions which have puzzled generations, and will probably puzzle generations more. In the volume, many women will find the expression of what they have themselves, consciously or unconsciously, often-times thought, and the more deeply, perhaps, because it has never come to the surface in words or writing." This is one of the good books of the day, and we commend it heartily.

**Lapsed but Not Lost.** By the Author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Another of Mrs. Charles's stories of early Christian life, trials, sufferings and heroism. The time chosen is in the reign of Decius Trajan, A. D. 250, when, under the bitter persecutions which they suffered, many Christians lapsed from the faith. As in her other stories, the author has caught, with seeming fidelity, the spirit of the age of which she writes.

**That Wife of Mine.** By the Author of "That Husband of Mine." Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a very entertaining book, and superior to its predecessor, "That Husband of Mine." It belongs to that class of lighter American novels which are so popular just now. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

**A Manual of Elocution, for Class and Private Instruction.** By M. Josephine Warren, late Teacher of Elocution in Vassar College. Philadelphia: W. S. Fortescue & Co. We have examined this little volume with care, and find that it more fully meets the wants of the elocutionary student than any book we have heretofore seen. We wish, however, that the number of selections for practice at the back of the book had been multiplied.

**What a Boy!** By Julia A. Willis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. It seems we are not yet done with books written in imitation of "Helen's Babies." This one is, however, an exception to most of its class, since it is really well-written and readable, describing in a vivacious manner the pranks of a boy of ten. To most parents it will prove quite as entertaining as Mrs. Hemans's famous story.

**The Budget.** A School and Story Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert, Editor of "The Prattler." Elegantly Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Those who bought "The Prattler" for their young friends last year, will be glad to know that the editor of that exceedingly attractive volume has prepared another of equal excellence and beauty for the present season of gift-books. It is called "The Budget," and will be found as pure and good and as interesting to the little folks as its predecessor. In far too many of our juvenile books, pictures are the largest attraction, while the reading matter is often weak, silly or of little account. It is just here that "The Prattler" and "The Budget" have an excellence that especially commends them to favor. The reading matter will be found quite as good as the pictures, and, as it should be, the chief merit of the books.

Lil, "Fair, Fair, with Golden Hair," or, Kilcorran. By the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A pleasantly-told story, the scene of which is partly laid in England and partly in Ireland. Some portions of it are quite affecting, but the denouement is a happy one.

My Primer. With the Alphabet in Large Letters, Short Stories in Short Words and Large Type. 66 Illustrations. 4to. Half cloth. Elegant illuminated covers.

My Pet Book. A Collection of Pictures, and Short Stories with Short Words in Large Type. 75 Illustrations. 4to. Half cloth. Illuminated covers.

My Own Book. A Collection of Pictures and Select Stories and Poems. Very fully Illustrated. 4to. Half cloth. Beautiful illuminated covers.

These charming little books, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., were prepared for the press by "Uncle Herbert," editor of "The Prattler" and "The Budget," and have all the excellent features which have made these volumes so attractive and popular.

Florida: its Scenery, Climate and History. By Sidney Lanier. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Persons who contemplate a visit to Florida should get a copy of this excellent hand-book, from which they will get a large amount of information in regard to that genial and sunny region. It is not only carefully written, but profusely and beautifully illustrated. We are indebted to the publishers for the fine picture of Alachua Lake given in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE.

Ballads of Bravery. Edited by George M. Baker. With Forty full-page illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates. A collection of thirty-seven well-known poems and ballads, in a handsome quarto volume, profusely illustrated. Among them will be found "The Brides of Venice" by Rogers; "The Fisherman," by Whittier; "Excalibur," by Tennyson; "The Ride from Gent to Aix," by Robert Browning; "The Landing of the Pilgrims," by Mrs. Hemans;

"The Glove and the Lions," by Leigh Hunt; and "Excelsior," by Longfellow. It is a handsome and appropriate book for the holidays.

"Abide with Me." By Henry Francis Lyte. With designs by L. B. Humphrey. Engraved by John Andrew & Son. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. The well-known hymn which gives title to this elegant little book, has been most beautifully illustrated. There are some fifteen original designs, carefully engraved. As a presentation book, it is something choice and timely.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Elocution Simplified; with an Appendix on Lipping, Stammering, Stuttering and other Defects of Speech. By Walter K. Fobes, Graduate of Boston University School of Oratory. With an Introduction by George M. Baker, Author of "The Reading Club Series," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

Forest Glen; or, The Mohawk's Friendship. By Elijah Kellogg, Author of "Elm Island Stories," "Pleasant Grove Stories," "The Whispering Pine Series," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

His Own Master. By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Bound in Honor," "Coupon Bonds," "Neighbor Jackwood," "Jack Hazard Stories," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

Child Marian Abroad. By William M. F. Round, Author of "Achsah" and "Torn and Mended." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Just His Luck. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Souci. A Novel. By J. H. Twells, Author of "The Mills of the Gods." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

## Editor's Department.

### Drinking Men Not to be Trusted in Important Places.

THE conviction is becoming stronger and stronger every day that it will not do to trust important interests in the hands of men who drink habitually, because such men are not only never able to do their best, but are always in danger of betrayal into excess at some time when the clearest judgment, and the promptest and most intelligent action are needed.

Recognizing the fact that no man with alcohol in contact with his brain, nor for the few hours that immediately follow the temporary excitement it has occasioned, is able to give his best efforts to any work in which he may be engaged, Secretary McCrary recently issued an order forbidding the employees of the War Department from partaking of any alcoholic beverages between the hours of nine o'clock in the morning, and four o'clock in the afternoon, on pain of dismissal. Some have regarded this as tyrannical and oppressive, and an invasion of personal rights. But it is not so. A habit that impairs the efficiency

of a public servant, is something that cannot be ignored in the public service. It must either be given up, or the public servant must give place to another not under its incapacitating influence. It is too late to say that the regular use of alcoholic liquor does not disturb the healthy action of the brain and nervous system. Pathology, medical science, observation and experience, all affirm the contrary; and the sooner the people come to understand and act from this view of the case, the better and safer will it be for the people. Statistics give us a fearful estimate of the losses occasioned by drunkenness; but if the losses suffered by the people in consequence of the growing incapacity of moderate drinkers, and their failure to do the best that was thought to be in them at critical moments, or when great interests were at stake and resting on them, could be known, it would astound and startle the people. Many a train or ship has been wrecked, and many a battle lost, because a so-called moderate drinker held the place of engineer, captain or officer. A glass too much, or a glass too

little, at a critical moment, and the poor brain failed in the needed quick judgment or clear intuition!

In the army, as everywhere else, intemperance has done its sad work. Some of our finest officers have been lost to the service, and the efficiency of others greatly impaired, in consequence of its prevalence. The articles of war provide for their court-martial and dismissal, if found guilty of drunkenness; and many sad cases have met with this severe penalty. But still the evil is cursing our army, and in the effort to extirpate it, if possible, General Sherman has issued an order, in which he says:

"The president is much concerned to find before him for action the proceedings of court-martial in several cases where officers have been tried for violation of the thirty-eighth article of war. Some of these cases are embarrassed by testimony which makes it evident that the victims of the unfortunate habit had rendered very valuable and conspicuous service in the army. In these, and in other cases, strong interest has been made upon considerations, urged with force, to have the sentence of dismissal set aside or mitigated. The president has good reasons to know that these few instances do not represent the prevailing character of army officers, but they are sufficient to indicate that leniency is not proper in the presence of such an evil. Men exposed to temptation sometimes need the restraining power of example to aid them in resisting it. Prompt and sure punishment for crime is, therefore, generally the most certain way to prevent it. The president desires it to be made known to the army that he cannot be led to underrate the magnitude of the evil which the crime alluded to is likely to produce in the public service. No person addicted to it can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty; and a person who cannot be trusted, had better not be continued in office. It must, therefore, be understood, that any clemency which may have been heretofore extended, by mitigation or commutation of sentence, cannot hereafter be relied upon as a basis of hope for a like favorable action. After this solemn warning, a rigorous execution of the sentences imposed in due course by courts-martial may be expected."

Could any stronger reason for the rigid enforcement of the article of war directed against intemperance be given? "No person addicted to it can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty, and a person who cannot be trusted had better not be continued in office."

The time is coming when the inefficiency that appertains to moderate drinking will be more clearly seen and more widely recognized; and when men who seek service of others will take into the account of qualifications that abstinence from alcoholic drinks, without which it is impossible for any man to do the best that is in him.

#### Society at Our National Capital.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* has an article on social life at Washington, in which he says, speaking of that peculiar institution known as "Receptions:"

"Nowhere else (in this country, certainly,) is this form of entertainment the pivot on which society turns. But, in Washington, if receptions are left out, though there might be a great many dinners and parties, society, as it exists, would come to an end. In the first place, there is a regular day on which the president receives; another, on which the members of the Cabinet receive; another, when the senators are at home; another for the judges; and, though the House of

Representatives is too numerous and democratic a body to have a day reserved for it, there are certain members who have their 'days' also. Besides this, the residents of the city have their days, and as many of them in the same street are apt to fix on the same day, a new complication arises in the fact that there are also 'H-Street' days, 'I-Street' days, and so on through the alphabet. It should not be forgotten, either, that members of the diplomatic corps have days of their own, which are not related in any visible or intelligible way to any other people's days."

For admission in what is called the "good society" of Washington, the writer gives four requisites, viz.: "1. A roof over one's head, which can be obtained in Washington at a less outlay in money than in many other places of greater pretensions. 2. Weekly receptions, from which the vulgar beverage of champagne is banished, and the classic punch-bowl installed in its place. 3. The usual routine of breakfasts, dinners and servants, which cost no more and no less than they do elsewhere. 4. The pretense or the reality of a carriage and horses, as the distances are immense from one point of fashionable life to another." He thinks society hardly exclusive enough; but pronounces it as, on the whole, the most agreeable in the country, especially for strangers, and adds: "It is hospitable, and it is interesting. A small place in itself, it is given, by being the political headquarters of the country, a dignity which no other place of the size can dream of; it attracts to itself during the winter a large number of the people best worth seeing—not merely natives, but foreigners as well; its artificialities and rules have just that degree of flexibility which most social laws have in America; and it is conspicuous for a good taste which has banished the display and ostentation that has elsewhere become a national reproach."

#### Clean Hands.

FROM the venality, corruption, bargainings and gigantic schemes of fraud chased, and too often proved against our public men and office-holders, how pleasant and cheering it is to turn to a record like that which stands against the name of the late Senator Morton. "No man in the country," said the Rev. Dr. Bayless, as he stood with the dead senator before him, "ever had such chances as he to enrich himself at the public expense; but there is at this point absolutely no dimness on the glory of his career. Over this coffin arches a bow of unquestioned integrity. With abundant opportunity to die worth millions, he deliberately chose to die in comparative indigence. If 'an honest man is the noblest work of God,' then this casket holds what is mortal of one of God's noblest works. His hands are clean. He has stood against the tide of schemes and schemers as Gibraltar against the sea. He believed and acted upon the belief that it is better to go poor to an honest grave than to go by questionable fortune to a splendid funeral. After his return from Oregon, he said to his secretary: 'You must be very careful in making up the accounts, for I am sick, and can't look after them,' and then added, 'I would rather die than have a blot on my name!' Battle-scarred and obdurate as he was in political strife, on this subject he was as scrupulous as a Puritan, and sensitive as a woman. I am glad of this. Our ideas upon this subject have of late been sadly confused. So many conspicuous men have shown such a want of delicate and profound moral conviction, while some have been detected in vast schemes of doubtful self-enrichment, that a shadow has fallen upon the whole class, and men have asked,

Who can be trusted? This man's honesty comes like sweet harmony into the discords of public greed and unscrupulousness. For the nation's sake, I rejoice in it, because we must learn to be honest, or must look for destruction. Immorality is stronger than empires, and more than one nation that has defied external attack has crumbled at length from internal corruption."

## Publishers' Department.

### THIS NUMBER.

**W**E open the new year with a number rich in attractions, and full of the promise of good things to come. Miss Townsend will receive a warm welcome from her old friends and admirers.

#### "THE WORD OF A WOMAN, AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT,"

cannot fail to interest deeply. The first chapters are very fine, and in the author's best vein. It is not for us to speak of the merits of Mr. Arthur's new story,

#### "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

Our readers will judge of it for themselves. It may not find much favor in the eyes of those who sympathize with Dr. Christlieb, the German preacher, in his fear for the future of our country, because the "spirit of Christ" is not to be found here; that is, no wifely submission, and no womanly self-abnegation in presence of husband and master, for whom "the weaker vessel" does not always bring the "dressing-gown and slippers," and to whom she will even dare to say, "Dear, bring me my shawl," and expect the obedient husband to do as she has said! No, the story will not find much favor in the eyes of those who regard woman in the marriage relation as inferior and subject, and required to subordinate all her tastes, wishes, opinions and preferences to those of her husband. But it will do this class of husbands no harm to read it, and may have the effect of removing some of the scales that cover their eyes.

Of the shorter articles contained in this issue, we refer with pleasure to that of MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, one of our best and most popular story-writers. MADGE CARROL gives one of her charming bits of life-history, told in her naïve and peculiar way; and SUSAN B. LONG, always a favorite with our readers, adds to the number the attraction of one of her pleasant stories. "PIPSEY," and "CHATTY," and "LICHEN" are all represented, and cannot fail to receive their old hearty welcome. They will continue to write regularly for the "HOME" during the coming year. Don't pass by the article about "THE BABIES' HOME." Among the attractions for the new volume will be "TALES FROM SCOTT." The first of this series, "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH," appears in this number. We may also refer to the series of "LAY SERMONS ON DOMESTIC AFFAIRS," by MARGARET B. HARVEY, the second of which will be found in the "Home Circle." Her thoughtful and earnest words will find a response in many hearts.

#### FOUR OR FIVE SERIAL STORIES

will be given during 1878; but none of them will be continued in the magazine for over six months. Among these will be one entitled

#### "ALMA'S CROWN,"

in which an imaginative American girl, educated at a boarding-school, and lifted into a sphere of thought and culture above her old common life and surroundings, attempts to reform and elevate the society to which she returns. Her mistakes, her trials, her disappointments, her humiliations and her hard and sad experiences, are told with unusual power and truth to nature. The story is one of a peculiar and absorbing character, and will not fail to deeply interest our readers.

After the completion of Miss Townsend's serial, which will run through six numbers of the magazine,

#### A NEW TEMPERANCE STORY,

by T. S. ARTHUR, will be commenced.

For the coming year, we shall do our best to make the HOME MAGAZINE richer, better and more attractive than it has ever been. Of the many writers who will contribute to its pages, we may name the following:

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,	"CHATTY BROOKS,"
ROSELLA RICE,	"LICHEN,"
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER	MRS. C. I. BAKER,
MOULTON,	MAY N. HAWLEY,
MRS. E. B. DUFFEY,	MINNIE E. LOMBARD,
MRS. SUSAN B. LONG,	J. E. MCCONAUGHY,
"PIPSEIWAY POTTS,"	"RICHMOND,"
T. S. ARTHUR,	MARY E. COMSTOCK,
JOHN B. DUFFEY,	HATTY BELL,
IRENE L—,	EMMA E. BREWSTER,
MADGE CARROL,	MARY E. IRELAND,
MRS. MARY W. EARLY,	E. CHARDON,
MARGARET B. HARVEY,	MRS. M. O. JOHNSON,
ELLA F. MOSBY,	MARION KNIGHT,
GLADDYS WAYNE,	MISS S. JENNIE JONES.

Many others with whom our readers are familiar will be represented in the HOME MAGAZINE for 1878.

#### STRONG DRINK; THE CURSE AND THE CURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

About one-half of this large volume of 672 pages (see advertisement of Hubbard Brothers) is taken up with the story, "What Shall I Do to be Saved From the Curse of Drink?" which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE last year. The second part treats of the wide-spread curse of intemperance, and the means of reformation and cure. By turning to the publishers' descriptive circular, the character of this part of the work, the range of subjects discussed, and the manner of their treatment may be seen.

We refer to the book here to say, that, as it is sold by subscription, and cannot therefore be had at the book-stores, we will mail it to any of our subscribers who may wish to have it, and who are not able to obtain it from a subscription agent, on receipt of the regular price, \$2.00.

#### "COMPOUND OXYGEN."

We again refer to the advertisement of Drs. Starkey & Palen. As a vitalizing and restorative agent, their COMPOUND OXYGEN is of great value. It rarely happens that any one uses it without benefit; and in a large number of serious cases the good results have been very marked. If your system has run down from any cause; if you are weak and nervous; if you have pulmonary troubles, or a tendency to paralysis, and have not found relief in

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medical treatment, give the "Oxygen" a trial. It cannot do you any harm, and the chances are largely in favor of its doing you good.

**A SUCCESSFUL PAPER.**—The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is one of the most enterprising sheets in the country. It has twice the circulation of any similar publication, and unquestionably merits its success.

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Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	1.25
The Wife's Engagement-Ring.....	1.25
The Bar-Rooms of Brantly; or, The New Hotel Experiment.....	1.50
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WARNER BROS., 351 Broadway, New York.



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BEATTY Piano, Organ, best. \$50. Look! startling news. Organs, 12 stops, \$55. Pianos only \$130, cost \$650. Cir. Free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 12-11.

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CHARLES I. INSULTED.—Page 167.





[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

## Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.—(For Description see Next Page.)

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.—(For Illustration see Preceding Page.)

**FIGURE NO. 1.**—The handsome polonaise forming the upper portion of this stylish costume is composed of bourette cloth and black velvet. The sleeves and collar are of velvet, while the remainder is of the bourette. The facings of the front and side-back gores are also of velvet, and deep fringe finishes the bottom. At the side it has the novel side ornamentation styled the "panel," which is formed of cross-wise plaits, that are here ornamented with fringe, buttons and simulated button-holes. A gracefully inflected center seam, together with a side-back and an under-arm gore, elegantly shape the back, while the front is beautifully adjusted by two carefully formed bust darts at each side. The model is No. 6090, price 35 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Any dress material may be used in constructing the polonaise, which may be made either of one material or combined with goods of a contrasting color.

The skirt is cut by model No. 6053, price 35 cents. It is of the fashionable walking length, and is prettily and closely fitted by its front and side gores. The graceful fullness at the back is obtained by a shirring made across the back-breadth and side-back gores. The skirt may be trimmed or untrimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, and made either of the same material as the polonaise or like the facings. This model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed for the skirt, and  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, for the polonaise.



6093

Front View.



6089

Front View.



6089

Back View.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

**No. 6089.**—This charming little costume is equally well adapted for the street and house, and may be made of any dress material and trimmed according to the taste of the maker. Its stylish effect is considerably heightened by the addition of the pretty Carrick cape. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 5 years, 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be necessary.

LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH  
SIMULATED VEST.

**No. 6093.**—This novel and stylish polonaise is made of suit goods trimmed with silk of a harmonizing shade. The right front and the entire front skirt are in one piece, the left front extending only a little below the waist-line. The back is fitted by a center seam, together with a side-back gore. The vest is simulated with silk, the back facing and the sleeves being of the same material. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, 8 yards of material 22 inches wide, with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of a contrasting shade in the same width, will be needed. If 48-inch-wide goods are used,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be necessary, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the contrasting shade. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



6093

Back View.

**6103***Front View.***6103***Back View.*

**MISSSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.**

No. 6103.—This stylish coat may be made of any fashionable cloaking. Its model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the coat for a miss of 12 years,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required.

**6102***Front View.***6102***Back View.*

**LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.**

No. 6102.—This handsome coat is composed of cloth. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide.

**6085***Front View.***6085***Back View.*

**MISSSES' GORED DRESS.**

No. 6085.—The pattern of this neat dress is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 35 cents. In making the dress for a miss of 11 years,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, are necessary.

**6087***Front View.***6087***Back View.*

**MISSSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, WITH CARRICK CAPE.**

No. 6087.—The model of this coat is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 30 cents. To construct the coat for a miss of 12 years,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required.



6094

*Front View.*

6094

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' BRETON DRESS.

No. 6094.—This dainty little costume may be composed of any dress material and trimmed according to the taste of the maker. The model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. The dress for a girl of 6 years will need  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide.



6095

*Front View.*

6095

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 6095.—This stylish costume is suitable for the house or street. It can be made of any dress material and trimmed according to the taste of the maker. The model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age and costs 20 cents. In making the garment for a child of 4 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be necessary.



6096

*Front View.*

6096

*Back View.*

## MISSES' YOKE APRON.

No. 6096.—This neat garment can be worn as a wrapper or as a protection for the dress. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 20 cents. To make the apron for a miss of 11 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.



6098

*Front View.*

6098

*Back View.*

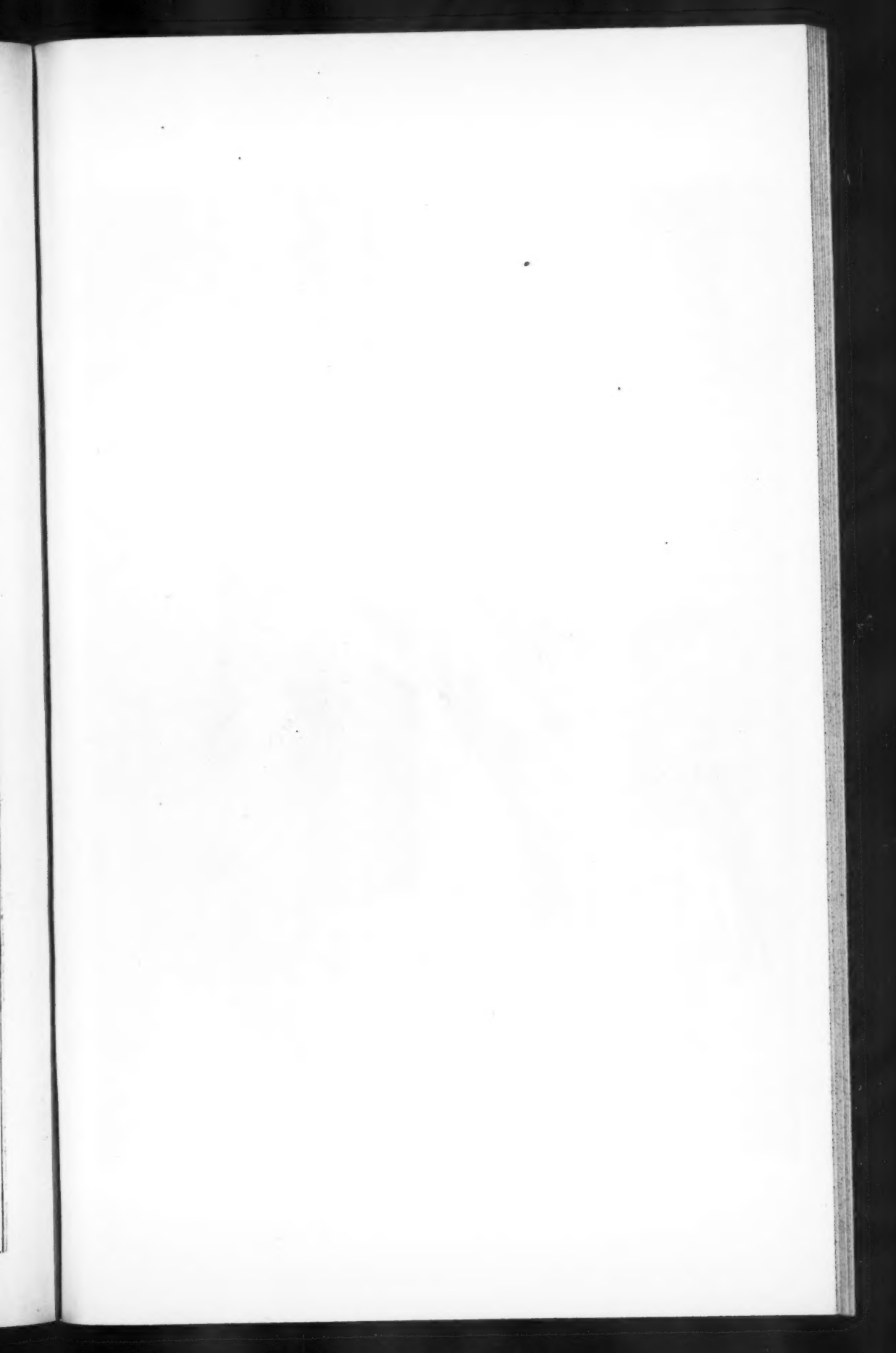
## MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE.

No. 6098.—The novel and artistic drapery of this polonaise makes it exceedingly attractive. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 30 cents. To construct the garment for a miss of 10 years,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be needed.

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